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MISCELLANEOUS.

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English Papers.

Semlin and Odessa.—Two articles in the *COURIER FRANCAIS* of Sunday, one from Semlin and the other from Odessa (derived probably from the *ALLGEMEINE ZEITUNG*), which our readers will find among our extracts, are strongly calculated to dispel the hopes of peace.

The former dated the 28th March, announces the arrival of a courier, on the morning of that day at Belgrade with news from Constantinople to the 20th March. That capital is represented to be in the most dreadful state. The Janissaries had risen, murdered their new Aga, reinstated the old Aga, and were massacring all the Christians of whatever nation they met. Constantinople, from the light of the bivouac fires, was as light by night as by day.

The letter from Odessa of the 8th March describes in glowing colours the enthusiasm manifested there for the Greek cause, and the union of the Russians and Greeks.

The *CONSTITUTIONAL* cites letters from Vienna, confirmatory of the alarming state of Constantinople, and representing fresh insurrections to have broken out in Turkey. Every thing is said to be indicative of war.

We certainly cannot help expressing our satisfaction at these indications of the approaching fall of Turkey. We view in it not merely the liberation of the Greeks, but the communication of the blessings of regular (though absolute) Government, and protection of property to the other parts of the Empire. As to the balance of power, and so forth, Lord LONDONBERRY took care to settle that matter long ago. We cannot consent to the continuance of so much misery as the existence of the Turkish tyranny necessarily supposes, for any such unreal consideration as a balance of power.

But *THE COURIER* threatens.—What! Europe look quietly on while Austria and Russia are apportioning their plunder!

"It is obvious that the first indication of such a design would entail upon them the necessity of previously subduing the hostile array that would menace them on the West, to the manifest discomfiture of their designs in the East; and the termination of that quarrel, we are inclined to think, would leave them little disposition to proceed with their original plan. But we feel that, in arguing upon such a subject, we are playing with shadows. The partition of Turkey, without the consent of England, is an idle dream; and with it, a puerile absurdity. The Emperor of Russia, had he the inclination, which we firmly believe he has not, to aggrandize himself in that quarter, knows too well the real extent and nature of his resources, to make the attempt in defiance of his Allies. He knows that it will prove the fatal source of a general war throughout Europe, and the results of such a war would be more disastrous to him, than to any other Power. His own interests, therefore, are closely connected with a pacific policy; but we should do him injustice if we inferred that in maintaining such a policy he was actuated by no other motive. We believe, on the contrary, he is sincerely desirous of maintaining that state of things, to the support of which he is pledged with his Allies; and that, should war finally take place with Turkey, it will be begun, carried on, and terminated, in strict accordance with those

general principles which formed the basis of the arrangements completed in the Congress at Vienna."

Then all is well. As it would be puerile and absurd in England to consent to the partition of Turkey, and Russia cannot stir without the consent of England, there ought to be no dread of war. We have here another ground of consolation, of the existence of which we were equally unaware, namely, that the results of a general war throughout Europe would be more disastrous to Russia than to any other Power.

Seriously, what are we to say to such nonsense? If Russia and Austria agree to partition Turkey, what Power in Europe can prevent them? England certainly has not the power. We, for our part, rejoice that our Government has not the means of carrying on an expensive war at this time. To those who have the interest of mankind at heart, this is no slight subject of consolation, because all the exertions of the British Government have long been constantly directed, openly or covertly, against the progress of improvement in every country, and the cause of freedom. Russia and Austria afraid of England on the side of Turkey! This piece of rhodomontade is only calculated to make us the derision of Europe. We might have aided the Greeks to achieve their independence; but to impede the advance of Russia and Austria is beyond our power.

As to France, it is now really blotted out of the map of Europe. France, with an anti-national Government, is altogether incapacitated from taking part in any external war. France, flourishing more than ever, abounding in resources, is completely paralysed. It is now, as is observed by a French writer, "reduced to the point of receiving laws from the lowest Power of Europe." A general war might provoke the indignation of that proud nation; but while it cannot have a national army, it cannot be an object of alarm to any other State.

Prussia? But Prussia has long been identified with Russia; and if England were to presume to interfere against Russia, the newly created kingdom of Hanover might serve to round her territories. Prussia, too has yet a distinct recollection of the eye with which her resurrection in 1813 was viewed by a certain power, and how much she owed on that occasion to Russia.

Our Ministerial Papers should be a little more consistent with respect to Russia. We are not of the number of those who conceive that her power is so stupendous as it has often been represented. What it may be in the course of time is not a question on which we are now disposed to enter. But if we are not terrified at this power, we conceive nothing can be more absurd than to speak of it as insignificant. Why it was but the other day that Lord LONDONBERRY talked of the mighty power of Russia, and that we were told of the large armies that were on their march towards Italy to keep down the Patriots. And now, forsooth, on a frontier where there is absolutely no opposition worth talking of, we are to be told, Russia can do nothing.

Italian Exiles.—We refer our readers to a letter in another column, from one of the Italian Exiles in England, on the subject of the ungenerous calumnies with which they have been assailed by some of our Journalists. The advocates of the paternal Governments ought to season their invectives against the Patriots with accounts of the arrests and executions in Italy, and Sicily.

We see by a letter from Palermo, in the ALLGEMEINE ZEITUNG, that in Sicily alone there are 16,000 persons in prison, and his MAJESTY complains bitterly that many of the tribunals are not sufficiently active for him.—*Morning Chronicle*, April 17.

Turkish Frigate.—It was lately mentioned in THE MORNING CHRONICLE, and it may be now repeated, that there is at present at Deptford a very fine Turkish Frigate, of 40 guns, which has just been fitted out in one of his Majesty's docks. She has been there coppered to the wales, been newly rigged, and completely overhauled. Some Gentlemen ask at whose expence this is done? and others think it rather inconsistent with the declared neutrality towards the Greeks, whom if England be unable to assist, she ought not at all events to injure.

Semlin, March 28.—Couriers have arrived this morning at Belgrade from Constantinople. The news from this last city are of 20th March. Every thing was in the greatest fermentation, and an insurrection of the Janissaries had excited still greater consternation among the inhabitants. The SULTAN, in consequence of the preparations for war, which are continued with the greatest activity, had also ordered a press of sailors, which was already carried into execution with great vigour, and without respect to persons. Some Ortas of the Janissaries, who had been ordered for the sea service, have positively refused; these threats and vociferations soon excited the fury of the other Ortas, and they proceeded to act violence towards their officers. The new Agra of the Janissaries, lately appointed by the SULTAN, was the first victim of their rage. His predecessor, who was discharged on account of the disorders which took place on the arrival of the head of ALI PASHA, was immediately re-instated in that important post. The Janissaries, after having murdered their chief dispersed about the streets of Constantinople, and gave loose, without restraint, to their hatred of the Christians. All they met in the streets, of whatever nation, were massacred.

Constantinople is now as light at night as in the day time, on account of the fires of the bivouacs, which fill the city and the environs. This great city resembles a vast camp, and the hopes of making war on the accursed *Ghaur* (the Russians), and of enriching themselves by pillage, excites in all the Musselmén extraordinary joy and enthusiasm. Their religious zeal, which has been rather less vehement for some years past, has now resumed all its impetuosity, and the people are more fanatical than ever.

The accounts from Epirus and Albania are favourable to the Greeks. CHOVSCHID Pasha is so occupied with the Suliots and Albanians, that he has not yet been able to think of executing the order of the Sultan, or of proceeding with his army to the Morea. All the men able to bear arms in the Pashalik of Jannina have received them, and endeavour by every means to prevent the carrying away of the treasures of ALI PASHA.

On the frontiers of Bosnia, the Turks have had violent quarrels with the Chiefs of the Bosniac tribes, and in the partial actions which have taken place, the latter have always had the advantage. In Servia, on the contrary, all is yet tranquil. Prince Metosch conducts himself with great prudence, but it may be foreseen that this calm will not last long. When hostilities break out between the Russians and the Turks, there is little doubt that the Servians who have been so long oppressed will again take up arms, and endeavour to take advantage of this opportunity, finally to throw off the Ottoman yoke.

Accounts from Odessa, of 6th March say, that whatever has the remotest connection with the Greeks, or with the struggles which is about to commence, excites the liveliest interest in the public. A company of amateurs has lately performed the tragedy of *Philoctetes* translated into modern Greek. The theatre could not contain the crowd that pressed for admission. Madame CATALANI the younger who had acted with general satisfaction the part of *Dijanira*, has since been daily engaged in private houses to sing patriotic Greek hymns and Russian national airs. The subject of all these musical songs is the fall of the Ottoman Empire.

Letters from Vienna of the 3d of April say, "All the accounts and all the private letters continue to indicate war. The most strange catastrophes threaten Turkey; a kind of civil war has broken out in Bosnia; Servia is in fermentation, and the inhabitants wait only for a favourable moment to throw off the yoke of the Musselmans. In Albanian and Epirus, the contest has recommenced with great fury; and lastly, the news from Constantinople is of the most alarming nature."

New Zealand.—It is stated in an Irish Paper, that "Government have lately declined sending any more convicts to Botany Bay, the state of that settlement having become so very civilized that numbers of free-settlers are removing thither, in preference to North America or the Cape of Good Hope. Ministers have, therefore, turned their attention to New Zealand, and it is supposed they will in future transmit all convicts to that Island."

Visitation.—On the 13th of March, a visitation was held at Castle Blayney, by the Lord Bishop of Clogher. After the service, the Lord Bishop complimented Lord Blayney on his attention to the interests of the inhabitants of the parish. The churchwardens then preferred their complaints against the rector and curate. 1st. The rector is non-resident in the parish, and until very lately, the curate also. 2d. No children have been catechised these two years. 3d. For twelve months past, evening service was performed but three or four times. 4th. Shameful inattention to the conditions of the sick of the parish.

Mr. Hackett the rector, in defence, said there was no Glebe-house in the parish, and therefore he could not reside in it; and that the curate was in every respect a proper person, that the complaints against them were ill-founded, and so the late Bishop Beresford had pronounced them.

Lord Blayney said with regard to the want of a Glebe-house there was a house with a sufficient portion of ground contiguous to the town, which he (Lord Blayney) had again and again proposed for the purpose, but instead of sending a proper architect to examine whether the house was fit or not, he took upon himself to condemn it as insufficient for his family, while the (Lord Blayney) was sure that, if examined by a proper person, he would declare the contrary. He had written to the late Bishop, and he applied to the rector himself, to the person implicated, who of course would not report unfavourably of themselves. A correspondence had been long going on between the churchwardens and the curate, in which, to say the least of it, the latter wrote in a most improper manner. His lordship then produced a list of witnesses, who proved in the fullest manner all that his lordship had said.

The Lord Bishop then explained the canon law relative to the complaints of the churchwardens, and reprobated, in a solemn manner, the way in which the church duties had been discharged. He considered the rector extremely reprehensible for not having informed him sooner of this shameful neglect, and not having better watched the conduct of his curate, whom he also reproved in strong terms, and stated the law of the church, that the first offence was a reprimand, and the second withdrawing of his license.

From the Dublin Evening Post.—Next to the cruel exactions of the tithe proctor, non residence, and utter neglect, in too many instances, of the duties they have undertaken to perform, will be the proximate cause of its dissolution. So strongly was this felt, shortly after the renewal of the late war in 1803, that a bill enforcing residence was introduced into the House of Commons, which gave rise to several debates. It was ultimately rendered nugatory by a bill of indemnity, if we may so term it, brought in by Sir William Scott, now Lord Stowell, and finally carried through the legislature. This act was then regarded as a relief, and no doubt it did relieve incumbents from the penalties they incurred from non-residence, but it will turn out, we fear, a fatal bill for the church. Since that period the Sectaries have multiplied by thousands, and tens of thousands—they are pressing the establishment at all quarters—they impugn its doctrines in their pulpits—they look grudgingly upon its splendid revenues—they compare the active, and efficient, and incessant preaching of their

teachers to the laziness and luxury of the professors of the orthodox faith—they have gotten 'the circulation of the Bible principally into their own hands, and they are going about evangelizing and methodizing preaching, spouting and scribbling, while the protestant Clergy look idly on, or only busy themselves in the collection of their tithes. The battle may be prolonged, but, if the protestant church do not bestir itself in time, it is not difficult to foresee the event.

Taxation.—The continued attempts of the *Courier* to prove that a heavy taxation is of the greatest possible advantage to the productive classes, evince an almost unparalleled degree of ignorance or of quackish impudence and effrontery. The same reasoning by which it is attempted to show that taxation is advantageous, would equally show the beneficial effects of an increased sterility of the soil and an increased difficulty of production. Taxes, though paid in money, really consist of a portion of the produce of the labour and industry of the productive classes. Suppose an agriculturist raises 1000 quarters of wheat from his farm, the whole of this produce would, if there were no taxes, belong to himself. But if he is obliged to sell 1000 quarters to pay taxes, the produce at his disposal must plainly be reduced from 1000 to 900 quarters; and if taxation be further increased—if he is obliged to sell 500 quarters to pay his taxes, it is equally plain he will, instead of 1000 quarters, have only 500 wherewith to maintain himself, his family, and his servants. This is the mode in which taxation always has operated, and in which it must ever continue to operate. And to affirm that the wealth of the agriculturist can be increased by such a process, is as palpably and obviously absurd, as it would be to affirm, that his wealth would be increased by setting fire to his barn-yard, and cutting the throats of his horses! It is nothing to the purpose to tell us, that "the taxes do not vanish," that "they remain in the country." Of what consequence is it to the agriculturist, who is obliged to part with a large proportion of his crop, or to the manufacturer, who is forced to part with a large proportion of his goods, to satisfy the demands of the taxgatherer, whether the tax-receivers eat their dinners and wear their clothes here or in Kamschatka? The booty of the highwayman "does not vanish," it "remains in the country;" and if the reasoning of the *Courier* be good for any thing at all, it is quite plain we have been stupidly sending out most valuable citizens to the gallows, and that every man who is robbed is just so much the richer!—*Scotsman*.

Paris, March 28.—General Girard, the new-elected Deputy, in the debate upon the Supplies, thus laid open the feelings of the French soldiery;—"Seeing," said he, "that the Estimate amounts to 180,000,000, (francs) have we not a right to ask whether France has an army? whether she has her place among the nations of Europe? I dare not trust my indignation to answer the question. Does the soil of France no longer produce defenders of the country?"—(*M. de Corceller*.—"It seems not, since we borrow red Jackets [Swiss] from our neighbours.")—The French soldier has no taste for the service, when he is taken out of the great family of the nation and made an instrument in the hands of power for the oppression of terror of his fellow-citizens:—(*violent murmurs and applause*)—Whilst privilege stands between him and promotion. If you wish to have soldiers, do not deprive them of the hope of advancement. Do not make commissions and promotion the reward of informers and sycophants. Do not accustom brave non-commissioned officers to see the King's household troops and the Royal guard made, as it were, the nursery for officers of the line." He then eulogized the war administration of Marshal Gouvion St. Car, who kept the veterans of the old army embodied in reserve. "Those invincible phalanxes," said he, "who obtained as imperishable renown as the phalanxes of Macedon, or the Roman legions—under the orders of that immortal Captain, whose name will go down to posterity with those of Alexander and Cæsar."—This allusion to Buonaparte excited a conflicting storm of applause and murmuring. "Pardon, Gentlemen," continued the orator, "I thought a word of that brave old French army might find an echo in this Chamber, which so many of its trophies once decorated.

ed.—(*General Foy*, "Patience; the time will come again." From the right, "No never.")—Give then to the remains of the old army officers whom they know, and at length forgive them the crime of having shed their blood for their country in 1813 and 1814.

Mr. Canning.—Mr. Canning is, it appears, on the eve of disappearing from the great stage of politics. He proceeds to India as Governor-General, which to him is a political demise—honourable, no doubt—but still substantially a demise. The peculiar character and uniform direction of his talents—and, undoubtedly, his personal ambition—pointed him out as one of those whom nature and circumstances had destined to figure in the agitation of domestic politics—whose element and whose triumph was in the House of Commons. Yet has he been, in the maturity of his talents, and at the zenith of his ambition, laid aside in honourable exile—for, at least, five or six years to come—and heaven knows how long after! It is somewhat singular that such a man should be thus forced against every bias. The reason, however, may be found in his personal character, and in the use and abuse which he has made of the finest talents, and of a mind endued with some of the noblest dispositions. As an orator, his place in the House of Commons is vacant, and will remain so. He was, without comparison, the most endowed and the most disciplined of its public speakers. Wit—raillery—fancy, if not imagination—a power of analysis calm, methodical, and clear—an impetuous, redundant current of eloquent declamation—a command of logic, even to the right forms of syllogism—a familiarity with the elegancies of literature, modern and ancient, and an unrivalled felicity in quotation and allusion—with these he might, and should have governed the democracy of England, as with a talisman. What has been the fact? His wit obtained him the dangerous, but flattering distinction of being feared—and his eloquence the tribute of a barren admiration. His taste was even fastidiously refined. He not only rejected those homely and vulgar words and phrases, which so frequently escape, or are sent forth by the most eminent of his rivals, but he studiously avoided terms admissibly familiar. On one occasion he made an allusion to a cat; but instead of the plain monosyllable employed by the naturalists and by the people, he used the *periphrasis* of "a certain domestic animal." Yet though so fastidious in language, his good taste sometimes wholly abandoned him in the choice of his topics and occasions—his wit, 'a libertine,' betrayed him into some expressions too pointed to be forgotten, and too inconsiderate to escape the uncharitable comments of men without a fraction of his sensibility or humane feeling. No man has been more frequently assailed with the imputation of corruption in politics; yet, it is well known that he is liberal even to negligence of pecuniary fortune. No one has been more careless—more prodigally careless, of that sort of management by which public men, without seeming to do so, keep up a certain theatrical elevation of public character. Yet no man felt calumny or depreciation more keenly. There was a memorable instance not long since. Some anonymous pamphleteer, in a fustian imitation of the style of Junius, parodies a sublime trait of Roman history into a vulgar and indeed futile threat of assassination against him. Does Mr. Canning leave this to execration or contempt? No; he descends in to the arena, and stakes his reputation and his life against the obscure and insignificant assailant. It was unquestionably the imprudence of a sensible and generous mind, impatient of the slander, because incapable of deserving it. Lastly, he has closed the chapter of Antitheses, by incurring the displeasure of the highest quarter, without obtaining the vain, perhaps, but ordinary counterpoise of the popular applause. His whole career has been a perpetual tendency on his part to neutralize the weight and force of his talents. It is no small proof how powerful those talents must be, when he could not be got rid of, under circumstances to which we will not allude, without disguising his dismissal in a splendid exile, which invests him with sovereign power over a vast and most important region of the globe. His mission to India will probably prove highly beneficial to his country. For the first time in his life, he will be able to exert his talents unembarrassed, unenvied and unopposed.—*Morning Herald*.

Swimming across the Hellespont.—Lord Byron has addressed a letter to Mr. Murray, from Ravenna, 21st February 1831, occasioned by a passage in Turner's Travels, stating that "Lord Byron, when he expressed such confidence of the practicability of swimming across the Hellespont, seems to have forgotten that Leander swam both ways, with and against the tide; whereas he (Lord Byron) only performed the easiest part of the task, by swimming with it from Europe to Asia."

Ladies' Monument.—The structure to be raised in Hyde Park, near Piccadilly, is what is called the Ladies' Monument, in honour of the victory of Waterloo. It consists of an immense colossal figure cast in bronze, 30 feet high, in imitation of the celebrated statue on the Monte Cavallo, at Rome. The pedestal is already fixed, and the whole is intended to be completed in the course of two months. In consequence of the great weight of the figure, it is expected that it will employ the workmen two days to remove it from Mr. Westmacott's Foundry, at Pimlico, where it was cast, to the place of its destination.

The English.—The Swiss as well as the Italians, who have not forgotten the old *Milords*, have still an idea that the English are a very gullible people, and that they have only to flatter them with an idea of their consequence to make their own of them. This idea, in so far as it is entertained by the Swiss, will hardly be weakened by finding that the words *splendour* becoming a great nation, and the fear of being thought to have *plebeian notions*, are sufficient to induce a suffering people to put patiently up with the appointment of a Scion of the House of Wynnestay, as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister to the Cantons, where a British Minister is about as much wanted as among the Esquimaux, at an expense of between 4 and 5 thousand pounds! The whole of the taxes in one of the richest of the Swiss Cantons, containing nearly 100,000 inhabitants, amounts to between 3 and 4,000*l.* considerably less than will be received by Mr. H. W. Wynn. Noble English!—Splendid English!—If the Swiss only knew how little the people of England can help themselves, in such a case! The people are not such fools as the Boroughmongers would represent them to be.

Election for the City of Lincoln.—The cause of independence has been again triumphant at Lincoln, by the returning of Mr. Williams to Parliament for that city, on Saturday last, the 23rd of March, without any one having the courage to oppose him, although an opposition was threatened up to the hour of election. A whole week intervened between Mr. W.'s first address, and the commencement of his canvass; therefore the Tories cannot plead that they were taken by surprise. Mr. Williams was nominated by Mr. Wrigglesworth, and seconded by Mr. Bedford. Mr. W.'s speech, on being declared duly elected, is believed to have been the most eloquent that ever was delivered in the Guildhall. The chalking took place about 12 o'clock, when Mr. Williams was accompanied through the city by a larger concourse of persons than, it is believed, ever assembled on a similar occasion. Mr. W. has given 50*l.* to the County Hospital, and the same sum to the Lunatic Asylum. He left Lincoln for Lancaster on Monday evening.—*Stamford News.*

Catholic Question.—Lord Donoughmore has addressed a letter to N. P. O'Gorman, Esq. dated the 10th of March, in which he observes, "In discharging the duty which you have so often confided in me, I can never have any difficulty as to the manner of bringing the question forward for the consideration of Parliament, as it has been always my decided conviction, that the entire removal of the disabling statutes will, of itself, furnish the best possible security to the Protestant State. So far as relates to the time at which the discussion should most advantageously take place, that must be decided, as I conceive, by the opinions of your most zealous and experienced Parliamentary friends—and as to the priority to be given to the discussion in one House in preference to the other, the inducements ought, as it appears to me, to be very strong indeed, which would justify your advocates, under all the present circumstances, in committing the subject to the hazard of debate, for the first time during the present Session in the Upper House, and relinquishing thereby all the

advantages of that success which had recently attended the question in the other House of Parliament, in the first stage of its progress."

Whig and Tory.—Dr. Johnson, disputing with Dr. Crowe upon who was the first Whig, and the latter finding himself a little puzzled, "I see, Sir, (said Johnson,) that you are even ignorant of the head of your own party; but I will tell you, Sir: the devil was the first Whig; he was the first reformer; he wanted to set up a reform in heaven!" Dr. Crowe calmly replied, "I am much obliged to you for your information, and I certainly did not foresee that you would go so far back for your authority; yet I rather fear that your arguments make against yourself; for if the devil was a Whig, you have admitted that, while he was a Whig, he was in Heaven, but you have forgotten that the moment he got into Hell he set up for a Tory."

America and Russia.—It is rather too early to quarrel with Russia about a few leagues or even degrees of land on the North West Coast. No Falkland Islands, or Nootka Sound wars, as yet! We have a settlement at the mouth of the Columbia river.—We have yet the navigation of the whole of it—if it be to our interest, let us use it and let us take root around it—and time will hereafter test the strength of both parties.

Throwing aside the argument about the discovery and settlement of the coast, there are two singular features betrayed in the Russian documents.—What law of nations will warrant the regulation that no vessel shall approach within 100 miles of the coast? A marine league, or within cannon-shot of the shore is as much as Vattel, or any sound jurist would give—and to ask thirty times as much seems little to comport with the principles of the state that once became a party to the "Armed Neutrality."—And as for the idea of the *closed sea* which Mr. Poleties suggests, it is too ludicrous to be seriously entertained for a moment. It must be a strange sort of sea, that is closed by a gate 4000 miles wide. It is a great deal worse than the doctrine of Selden and James 1st. They thought to brow beat Europe into the belief that the Kings of England owned the empire of the seas which surround that island, even as far as the opposite coast. But the distance to France or Holland is immensely short of the span of the Pacific. The Russian minister, however, wisely waives the pretension—he would have showed more sagacity, if he had never urged it.—*Richmond Enquirer, American Paper.*

New Printing Press.—Mr. Daniel Neall, an ingenious mechanic of Bensalem township, Bucks county, has constructed a printing press on a plan different from those in use, and has sent in a specification of his improvement to Washington with a view of obtaining a patent. On this principle, presses may be either single or double; the single to be small and cheap, for job work and to print one side at a time; the double to be composed of two beds and two platens ranged in a line, and to give the impression from two forms by one pull of the lever. "The person working the press puts the paper on, the press turns it, and when printed on both sides, lays it snugly off." He terms his invention, the *Vertical Press*.—*Union.*

A Serious Joke.—A gentleman from one of the back towns in this state, relates the following circumstances which took place recently: A party of young people had collected together one evening for amusement, when it was proposed by some of them to couple themselves, and go to a young Justice's and be married.—This it was thought would be fine fun, and a clever joke on the young squire. All was ready in a twinkling, and the company marched off—some of the old damsels led off with great glee young beardless youths of fourteen—and all soon appeared before the squire. Though the Justice was young, he understood his duty, and married them in due form. He immediately complained, of himself, to the proper authority for a breach of the law, which provides that the intention of the parties shall be published previous to marriage. The consequence is that the whole are legally married.—*New London Advertiser.*

South of Ireland.—What is the present state of the peasant of the South of Ireland? His daily wages 6*d.*; his family, on an average from three to five—out of this 6*d.* a day he must support that family, pay his rent, and his tithe!—*Belfast Paper.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

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On Protection to Agriculture.

We hasten to lay before our readers a brief account of the Pamphlet which Mr. Ricardo has just published under the above Title.

Section I.—On the Remunerative Price.

Mr. Ricardo here gave the different qualities of land in England as stated by Surveyors before the Agricultural Committee, varying from 40 bushels an acre on the good lands to eight on the poor lands. "Suppose," says Mr. R. "that the population of England had only been one-half its present amount, and that it had not been necessary to take any other quality of land into cultivation than that which yielded 32 bushels of Wheat per acre; what would have been the remunerative price? Can any one doubt of its being so low, that if the prices on the Continent had been at the same average at which they have been for the last five or ten years, we should have been an exporting instead of an importing Country?" Mr. R. then applies the doctrine of Rent, and shews the injury which the community suffers from costly production. "A higher price," he observes, "becomes necessary to compensate for the smaller quantity which is obtained; but this higher price must never be considered as a good—it would not have existed if by the application of labour to manufactures, we had indirectly obtained the Corn by the exportation of those manufactures in exchange for Corn.

Section II.—On the Influence of a Rise of Wages in the Price of Corn.

In this Section he examines the argument which proceeds on the assumption that high wages tend to rise the price of the commodities on which labour is bestowed. The observations of Mr. Ricardo on this point are particularly deserving of attention:—"This whole argument," he observes, "is fallacious; the farmer is placed under no comparative disadvantage in consequence of a rise of wages. If, in consequence of taxes paid by the labouring class wages rise, which they in all probability would do, they would equally affect all classes of producers. If it be deemed necessary that corn should rise in order to remunerate the growers, it is also necessary that cloth, hats, shoes, and every other commodity should rise, in order to remunerate the producers of those articles. Either their corn ought not to rise, or all other commodities should rise along with it. . . . All must require protecting duties or none. To impose protecting duties on all commodities would be absurd, because nothing would be gained by it, as it is only by altering the relative value of commodities that any particular trade is protected. . . . No one class of producers then is entitled to protection on account of a rise of wages, because a rise of wages equally affects all producers. . . . It is only when commodities are altered in relative value by the interference of Government, that any tax which shall act as a protection against the importation of a foreign commodity can be justifiable."

Section III.—On the effects of Taxes imposed on a Particular Commodity.

Mr. Ricardo observes here, that when taxation is general, all classes are affected by it equally, as by a rise of wages. "An Income Tax is of this description; it affects equally all who employ capital, and it has never yet been suggested by those most favourable to protecting duties, that any would be necessary on account of an Income Tax. But a tax affecting equally all productions, is precisely of the same description as an Income Tax." It is different, however, in case of a tax which falls on the producers of a particular commodity; and the growers of corn are subject to some of these particular taxes, such as tithes, a portion of the poor's rate, and perhaps one or two other taxes. He proposes then a duty on importation, equal to the degree in which these taxes raise the price of corn, and a drawback on exportation to enable him to compete with the foreign grower in foreign markets.

Section IV.—On the effect of abundant crops on the price of Corn.

Mr. Ricardo here shrewdly observes, in answer to those who say that the new doctrine on this subject would make the bounty of Providence a curse to a country, that "this is essentially changing the proposition. No one has said that abundance is injurious to a country, that hat it frequently is so to the producer of the abundant commodity.

Section V.—On the effect produced by Mr. Peel's Bill.

Mr. Ricardo after shewing what the value of gold was when the Bill passed, states the mischievous effects produced by the injudicious measures of the Bank. Not only had we to elevate the value of our currency five per cent., the amount of the difference between gold and paper, "but we had still further to elevate it to the new value to which gold itself was raised by the injudicious purchases which the Bank made of that metal." He estimates the increased value of our currency since the passing of this Bill at about ten per cent. He very ingeniously disproves the statement of the Bank, that their circulation was half a million higher in 1832, than in 1821 and 1820, by taking the amount of five notes and above which have been in circulation for several years past.

Section VI.—On the effects of a Low Value of Corn on the Rate of Profits

Mr. Ricardo examines the doctrine of profits, and shews that there is no way of keeping them up but by keeping wages down, and how

essential it is that Corn, which so powerfully affects wages, should be at a low price. "Besides the imolicy of devoting a greater portion of our labour to the production of food, than would otherwise be necessary, thereby diminishing the sum of our enjoyments, and the power of saving; by lowering profits, we offer an irresistible temptation to capitalists to quit this country. . . . A high but steady price of Corn is most advantageous to the Landlord; but as steadiness in a country situated as ours is, nearly incompatible with a price high in this country, as compared with other countries, a more moderate price is really for his interest. Nothing can be more clearly established than that low prices of corn are for the interest of the farmer, and of every other class of society; high prices are incompatible with low wages, and high wages can not exist with high profits."

Section VII.—Under a Protecting System with a view to Monopoly, Prices must be fluctuating.

Mr. R. remarks, that while prices continue low in a country, the grower, in case of abundance, can relieve himself by exportation; "but under a system of protecting duties, or of prohibitory laws, the fall in the price of corn from an abundant crop, or from a succession of abundant crops, must be ruinous to the grower before he can relieve himself by exportation." Under the present Bill, when he has an unusually short crop, and most stands in need of a high price, he is all at once exposed to the free competition of the grower of corn on the Continent, to whom a price of forty shillings would be sufficient. A system of fixed duties again frees him from this, but exposes him to all the evils which result from abundant crops in a country where the price is considerably above the level of the prices of other countries. He examines the Agricultural Report, and shews that on its principles there is no commodity whatever which we can raise at home which we should ever import from abroad. He notices a doctrine advanced by the Marquess of Lansdown, we believe, that if we had to choose whether we should buy cheap Corn from abroad, or raise it at an increased cost at home, we should prefer the former; but the case is altered when capital has already been expended on land. He illustrates his argument by the following allusion to Mr. Leslie's Machines for making Ice:—"Suppose," he observes, "a capital of half a million were expended on these machines, would it not nevertheless be wise in us to get our ice, without any expense from the frozen ponds in our neighbourhood, rather than employ the labour and waste the acid or other ingredients in the manufacture of ice, although by so doing we should for ever sacrifice the 500,000l. which we had expended in air pumps?"

Section VIII. Relates to the Pawnbroking Project, which he considers illusory

Section IX. Relates to the connexion between Distress and Taxation.

We have not time to follow Mr. R. through this Section. "Those who maintain," he says, "that on no reasonable grounds can it be shewn, that taxation is the cause of agricultural distress, and of the low price of corn, are sometimes represented as maintaining that a repeal of taxes will afford no relief; such a conclusion shews a want of candour, or of intelligence, for it is perfectly consistent to maintain, that taxation is not the cause of some particular distress, and at the same time insist that a repeal of taxes would afford relief. When Lord John Russell's horse falls because he trips over a stone, and is enabled to get up again when relieved from the burden of his harness, it would surely be incorrect to say, that the horse fell because he was burdened with harness; though it would be right to assert that the tripping over the stone threw him down, while the relief from the confinement of the harness enabled him to get up again." He afterwards observes, "there are causes of distress, to the producers of a particular commodity, arising from abundant quantity, from which no practicable repeal of taxes could relieve, particularly if the commodity be agricultural produce, and if its ordinary price be kept above the level of the prices of other countries by restrictions on importation. . . . If we were absolutely without any taxes whatever, we yet should be exposed to a destructive fall of price from occasional abundance.

Conclusion.

We wish our limits would allow us to give the whole of this part of the pamphlet. He here recapitulates briefly the opinions delivered more at large on the inquiry. The present depression of agricultural produce he attributes to the general prevalence of abundance, arising from good crops, and large importations from Ireland. "This fall has been increased by the operation of the present Corn Laws, which have made the price of corn in average years greatly to exceed the price in other countries; and, therefore, in proportion as it is raised, liable to greater fall."

He proposes that to obviate, as far as is practicable, this enormous evil, all undue protection to Agriculture should be gradually withdrawn. A monopoly of the Home Market should be given till Corn reaches 70s., when all fixed price and system of averages should be got rid of, and a duty of 20s. the quarter on Wheat imposed. This would amply protect against the effects of a glut.—We must, however, proceed farther. The duty of 20s. should every year be reduced 1s. till it reached 10s. This duty is rather too high as a countervailing duty for the peculiar taxes

on the corn-grower; "but," he observes, "I would rather err on the side of a liberal allowance than of a scanty one." As he had fixed the duty rather too high, he proposes that the drawback on exportation should only be 7s.

The argument with respect to the dependence on foreign countries is treated in a very masterly manner.

The quantity imported could not be large, but were it ever so large, there could be no danger from it.

"In proportion as the quantity required came from the interior of Poland and Germany, the cost would be greatly increased by the expences of land carriage. To raise a large supply too, those countries would be obliged to have recourse to an inferior quality of land; and, as it is the cost of raising corn on the worst soils in cultivation requiring the heaviest charges which regulates the price of all the corn of a country, there could not be a great additional quantity produced without a rise in the price necessary to remunerate the foreign grower. In proportion as the price rose abroad, it would become advantageous to cultivate poorer land at home, and therefore there is every probability that, under the freest state of demand, we should not be importers of any very large quantity. But suppose the case to be otherwise, what danger should we incur from our dependence, as it is called, on foreign countries for a considerable portion of our food? If our demand was constant and uniform, which, under such system, it would undoubtedly be, a considerable quantity of corn must be grown abroad expressly for our market. It would be more the interest, if possible, of the countries so growing corn for our use to oppose no obstacles to its reaching us than it would be ours to receive it."

Speech of General Girardin.

The following passages of the Speech of General GIRARDIN, on the 12th instant, are deserving of the utmost attention.

"GIRARDIN spoke on the subject of the Posts.

"Messieurs (said the Honourable Member), the receipts of the Post-office have diminished, this year, by 50,000 francs at least.

"Look only to the violation of the secrecy of private correspondence for this progressive diminution—it is attributable to no other cause.

"You will reply, I am aware that the secrecy of letters has not been respected under any regime. You will, perhaps, add, that reasons of state will excuse this violation. No, nothing can excuse so great an offence. It is intolerable under all Governments—it is hateful under a free one.

"Under the ancient regime, letters were unclosed, and at the epoch of the exile of the Parliaments it was done in so scandalous a manner, that the merchants of Rouen took the resolution of simply closing their letters with a pin. The reproof was piquant no doubt (a laugh), but it was well merited. Every one laughed, but nothing was amended.

"Nevertheless it was not lost upon France. It was remembered in the convocation of the States-General, and all the deputies were required to declare against the violation of the secrecy of letters, and to exact that it should be respected.

"The National assembly, penetrated with this principle, rendered it sacred by the celebrated discussion which took place in the sitting of the 17th July, 1789.

"Letters are opened in the Departments; this cannot be doubted since the General Councils have demanded that letters be stamped with the day of their arrival, and that of their departure (interruption).

"This proposition, so useful and strongly supported, has been repeated every year. The refusal to accede to it confirms all the suspicions, or rather all the realities of which I have been speaking.

"I have said enough to establish positive ly that the administration of the Post is nothing more than a branch of the Police. If you will write, therefore, let the Police transmit your letters.—(A voice to the right, 'I demand nothing better.')

"No, without doubt, that proves that you have friends there (a laugh on the left). "I can also tell you that a passage from the Cabinet of the Director of the Posts leads into the secret offices. The entrance of it is shut by a concealed door. As soon as this is opened, we find ourselves in the offices of persons charged to discover the keys to the different ciphers employed in the correspondence, or in the workshops of engravers occupied in taking impressions on plates of lead of the impressions of the arms and seals which are employed to secure letters.

"These letters are finally carried to a kind of laboratory, where there are instruments of a very peculiar construction; close fires to melt the wax, and cauldrons of boiling water to loosen wafers (interruption). In short, all is mystery in this subterraneous asylum, and men employed to discover the secrets of every body are themselves a secret to all the world."

What a precious establishment!—*Morning Chronicle, April 17.*

Capt. Rock's Catechism.

To the Editor of the Times.

Sir,

Your zeal for the cause of justice, I trust, will induce you to give insertion to the following remarks upon what has appeared in your columns:—

In your paper of Wednesday, there were inserted some extracts from a paper, supposed to have belonged to some of those misguided miscreants who have of late harrowed up the feelings of all honest men, by the atrocity of their bloody deeds in Ireland. This paper, which you state to have been found, contains the oath by which it would appear that these miserable men bind themselves to each other in bloody brotherhood, as also a species of catechism for their use, which (supposing the document to be genuine) might be imagined to be calculated to fortify their savage minds, and to act upon their imaginations as an antidote to feelings which would cause them to pause in their merciless career. But unfortunately for the object which the author has in view, that document bears upon its face the mark of falsehood; and while I am convinced that from the nature, of the paper, even supposing it to be the genuine production of Captain Rock, or of one of his followers, it would have no other effect upon the minds of sensible men, than to excite their horror for the diabolical principles it would infer that these men avowed, and their pity for the creatures themselves, without influencing their feelings or opinions with regard to the good and loyal of the Roman Catholic persuasion, yet I cannot but feel indignant when I discover that the document is not what it professes to be—that it is not the work of any person who has ever professed the Catholic religion, but that it has been written and circulated by one of opposite tenets, from motives which cannot but be ascribed to unmanly, to disgraceful feelings.

Without taking up your room by giving vent to what I think and what I feel, on viewing the artifice unmasked which suggested the publishing of the document, I shall proceed to convince the readers of your columns, that the paper in question is and must be the work of some person who never was initiated into the simplest doctrines of the Roman Catholic church, but evidently as acquainted with the Protestant Catechism. Let any Irish Roman Catholic, even one of the most ignorant, be asked this question, *What is the seventh commandment?* and he will reply, *Thou shalt not steal.* The seventh commandment of the Roman Catholics corresponds with the eighth of the Protestant catechism: From the purport of the extract contained in your paper of Wednesday, it is evident, by the wording of the sentence which contains the oath, that the sixth commandment, according to the Roman Catholic Catechism, is alluded to viz. *Thou shalt not commit adultery*; for the oath runs thus:—*"That he will not break the seventh commandment with the mother, wife or sister of any one of his companions."* No Roman Catholic would have used the expression thus; he would not have called it the *seventh* commandment. It is ridiculous to suppose that the followers of Captain Rock, who call themselves Roman Catholics, would have preferred the version of the Commandments, as in the Protestant, to that which is followed by the Roman Catholic Catechisms. This is proof sufficient to show that the author of the document from which you extracted some sentences, had no connexion with the atrocious members of that set of Irishmen who have lately disturbed the tranquillity of that part of the empire. It proves that the author was no way versed in Roman Catholic doctrine, but evidently that he had been instructed in the Protestant Catechism: His motives must therefore have been to persuade persons, by a document purporting to be of Catholic origin, that the doctrines of that church were in consonance with the wicked principles and actions of those men, and with a production which urges them to wallow knee-deep in Protestant blood, and to commit the most horrible excesses towards those no of their own creed. His motives must have been to have excited alarm among the Protestants of Ireland, to make a handle of the atrocities of the half-starved and miserable creatures, who have madly thrown off the subordination due to their governors from the excess of misery, to induce them to draw closer the chain of oppression, and to teach them to ascribe the atrocious barbarity of the few to the religious principles professed and adhered to by the many. I have wished to unmask artifice, and I have done it: It is not my intention to descend on the influence of the religion of Ireland upon the minds of its inhabitants. I think there are few who, in these days, believe that that religion which enabled the primitive Christians to support themselves in peace and meekness under the persecution of the Roman Emperors, is now-a-days the cause of disloyalty and bloodshed.

Temple, April 18.

AN ENGLISH ROMAN CATHOLIC DEATHS.

At Canonmills, on the 31st of March, aged 15, Agnes, youngest daughter of Mr. Alexander Ritchie.

At Yetholm, on the 1st of April, Mr. George Story, in the 84th year of his age, after having been 50 years schoolmaster of that parish.

Calumnies Against the Italian Exiles.

To the Editor of the Morning Chronicle.

Sir,

In England, even, a free and generous country, there are men who, from the habit of flattering the Despots of Europe, are every day uttering insolent exclamations against a few proscribed Italians, who have no other defence than the consciousness of their own virtue, and no other right to protection than their own illustrious misfortunes. The names of *Traitors* and *Artificers of Revolt* are lavished on them with impunity, and a Journalist dares to condemn actions which mean souls are incapable of understanding even, far less of judging.

If the Italian emigrants, when they undertook the Revolution of Naples and Piedmont, had known the deceit, the malice, and the ambition of which they are accused by their oppressors, if they had been environed by the melancholy apparatus of crimes, which sometimes accompanies popular Revolutions—if they had merely put in practice the political arts taught by their fathers to destroy tyranny, they would not now be chased like wolves from land to land, begging a spot of earth on which to repose themselves in tranquillity. But we wished liberty, and not blood, the liberty which shone in the heart as a ray from Heaven, and which in the few days of our triumph disdained the avenging of old outrages, and the extermination of many who now would wish even our memory exterminated. But we have not poured out a single drop of blood, we are chargeable with no attempt against the liberty of our enemies—we did not touch the common property—we respected individual property, and the foreigner wondered how so much moderation and so much peace should reign in the minds of those who rose so boldly against a bloody and inexorable despotism. But the Italians considered the liberty of their country as an object of so much love, that it ought to have captivated the enthusiasm not merely of their fellow citizens, but of all mankind. The independence also and the union of all the territories of Italy was an idea so elevated, so flattering, that it was irreconcilable with every project of rapine and blood, every action destitute of magnanimity. Wrapt up in these thoughts, the dearest interests, the most tender affections were forgotten, and those who first threw themselves in the lap of insurrection, left behind them the attraction of the honours, wealth, privileges with which the cunning of despotism usually corrupts a distinct class to make it the support of its tyranny and the scourge of the population. They sacrificed every thing on the altar of Liberty, and if their sacrifice was not rewarded with the felicity of the noblest land of Europe, the generous victims of proscription will always console themselves with the consciousness of their own virtue, the hopes of their country and the terror left in the hearts of their enemies.

This terror renders them more ferocious, and schooled by the cool and untamed rage of Austria, they continue to persecute in their exile the few Italians who fled from the axe and from prison. Switzerland, awed by her powerful neighbour, Austria, drove us from her bosom, and France will one day blush at having violated the hospitality which her sons formerly found from those very Italians whom she now meanly imprisons. But England, which neither fears the petty tyrants of Italy, nor the small number of Italians who came to seek an asylum in her bosom, will respect in the latter the dignity of misfortune, and the passion which they have in common with every one of its citizens, the love of country and of liberty. It is no wonder, therefore, if some of the illustrious exiles are caressed and courted in the circles of the English Nobility. The latter frequently visited their houses with the view of breathing a mild and scented air, or to study the histories of nations amidst the monuments of the far-famed Italy, and they now recognise their old guests, and remember the honours they received and former associations.

And those Italians, now exiles in the free countries of Europe, will never blush at the cause of their proscription; on the contrary, the sentences with which the Kings of Naples and Piedmont, and the Pope are dosolating their unhappy countries and their families, will be splendid trophies to the Italian Refugees, which they will show to their fellow-citizens when their liberation shall have been achieved. And those who found an asylum on the soil of Britain, will know that a free nation ought to protect, or at least to receive with humanity, the men of every country who attempted to withdraw their native land from the infamy of foreign domination, and to moderate the tyranny or the folly of Kings by laws which Kings and people shall obey. This was the sublime enterprise of the Italian exiles; an enterprise which would have made them heroes if victors, and unhappy if vanquished. But fatal circumstances, and horrible intrigues which the stupid ferocity of our enemies are ashamed to unveil, rendered our bold efforts fruitless, and dispelled the most enchanting dream of my beloved Italy, whose mysterious destiny, however, is in the hands of God and her ardent sons.

In the mean time, our adversaries instigate their liced satellites to accuse and persecute us. But is not our persecution itself the best defence that can be offered for us? And while Austria continues oppressing, devastating, and Gothifying (*gotizzando*) the fair Italy, does she not thereby show that she is neither entitled nor deserving of occupying it? And the petty tyrants of Italy, by burying us in their horrible prisons, staining scaffolds with our blood, and depopulating the country of which they falsely call themselves the fathers, do they not thereby show the reason we had for taking from them the power which they blasphemously pretend to be derived from God, and of which they avail themselves to render us vile and unhappy?

Let us see, then, who are the traitors, who the true rebels. The Italian exiles are rebels to despotism, traitors to no one; but those who take the gold of tyrants, to calumniate and persecute their enemies, they are certainly traitors to and rebels against liberty. Has not Italy the right to be a free and independent nation? This sacred right belongs to every people in the universe, and Italy deserves it from her ancient liberty, her sublime history, her beauty, and, more than all, her present misfortunes.

ITALICUS.

Mr. Mathews' "Youthful Days and Stories," are the production of Mr. R. B. Peake, (author of several whimsical farces at the English Opera House) in conjunction with a friend *lucy*.

Judge Wilnot.—Wilnot loved hunting and wine, and not his profession. He had been an admired pleader before the House of Commons; but being reprimanded on the contested election for Wareham by Pitt, (Lord Chatham) who told him he had brought thither all the *pertness* of his profession, and being prohibited by the Speaker from making a reply, he flung down his speech in a passion, and never would return to plead there any more.—*Lord Orford's Memoirs*.

Damiens.—When the late French Emperor's life was attempted, some only of the criminals were put to death, and that in the most humane way possible—by the guillotine. Yet Napoleon was called "a most detestable and bloody tyrant," by those very men who described the enormities of "legitimate" sovereigns in the most tender manner. When Louis "the well-beloved," in 1757, was slightly stabbed by the poor maniac Damiens, the tortures he endured (says Horace Walpole) are not to be described. When first seized and carried to the guardhouse, the Duc d'Ayen ordered the tongs to be heated, and pieces of flesh torn from his legs, to make him declare his accomplices. When carried to his dungeon, Damiens was wrapped up in mattresses, lest despair might tempt him to dash his brains out; but his madness was no longer precipitate. The very morning on which he was to endure his torture, when told of it, he said with the coolest intrepidity, *La journée sera rude*: after it, insisted on wine with his water, saying, *Il faut ici de la force*. And at the accomplishment of his tragedy, studied and prolonged on the precedent of Ravallac's, he supported all with unrelaxed firmness: and even unremitted torture for four hours, which succeeded to his being two hours and a half under the question, forced from him but some momentary yells!—This unfortunate man, the very morning of his attempt on the King of France, asked for a surgeon to let him bleed; and to the last gasp of being, persisted that he should not have committed his crime if he had been blooded.

Fagging.—I never sent a child to school (observes a Contributor to the NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE) without a thousand misgivings and qualms of conscience; and I would rather have thrown a boy to the Minotaur at once, than have sacrificed him to the slow torment of any public school polluted by the system of what is technically termed *fagging*.—that is, compelling a youngster to crouch beneath the foot of some malignant tyrant of the first or second form, that he may finally take his revenge, not on his oppressor, but on the next stripling over whom, as he advances to seniority, he is to exercise the same wanton cruelty. Cowardly and debasing practice!"

Mr. Fox.—When this amiable statesman was called into the field by Mr. Adam, and the ground was measured, the latter desired Mr. Fox to fire. To which he answered, "Sir, I have no quarrel with you; do you fire." Mr. Adam then fired, and wounded Mr. Fox. The wound however was not perceived by Mr. Adam, or by the seconds; and then Mr. Fox fired without effect. The seconds now interferred: and Mr. Adam asked if Mr. Fox would declare he meant no personal attack on his character?—Mr. Fox said, that was no place for apology; and desired him to proceed. Mr. Adam fired his second pistol ineffectually, and Mr. Fox then discharged his in the air; observing, that as the affair was ended, he had no difficulty in declaring, he meant no more personal affront to Mr. Adam than he did to either of the Gentlemen present.—Mr. Adam replied, "Sir, you have behaved like a man of honour."—Mr. Fox then opened his waistcoat, observing that he was wounded; the wound was a slight one, and was attended with no ill consequences.—Some harmless words dropt by Mr. Fox in a debate, was the cause of the duel.

A Sea-Side Reberie

How light and lovely is that parting hour,
When, swath'd in lambent gold, the autumnal sun
Centres upon the west his pomp and power,
And tells in glory that his work is done!
How deep the joy, at such an hour to shun
All that the expending spirit might controul;
To seek, in solitude, the Eternal One,
Where the wide waves their glorious vespers roll,
And muse the voiceless thought, and gaze the impassion'd soul!

The shoreward deep like molten emerald glows;
The distant burns with quivering rubies gay:—
As, o'er its bower of green, the crimson'd rose
Shoots into air, and trembling drinks the day;
Each keel that lordly plunges the crashing spray
Furrows its course in foam and light behind;
Around the bark careering sea-fowl play,
With sidelong wings to woo the breeze inclined;
While the hoarse ship-boy's song floats mellowing on the wind.

Pregnant with light some sprinkled clondlets swell,
In burning islets, o'er the illumined west,—
Long to retain the lingering sun's farewell,
Like the last smile of Love on Grief impress'd.
Day sinks, but triumphs as it sinks, to rest,
Like Virtue lightening through the grave to Heaven:—
Yet, even on earth, what more than earthly zest
To the rapt spirit's sun-ward glance is given,
While thus it springs to drink the glassy gold of even!

A world of light and music!—Many a breeze
Pants on the wave, and trembles to the shore,
Whispering its love-foes to the dimpling seas,
And fleeing, soon as its light vows are o'er.—
Oh! these are hours when the poor soul may soar,
In dreamful blessedness to climes above,—
May join the beings it had loved of yore
In starry spheres of cloudless light and love,
Where through the bowers of bliss the immortal waters rove.

Lo, the proud Mount!* whose form, in graceful sweep
Dyed with the last hues of the year and day,
Carves, like a forest—rainbow, o'er the deep,
Which heaves, all foamless, round its sheltering bay!—
Pilgrims of Beauty! ye who, far away,
Roam where poetic deserts sadly smile!
Gaze here and own—Can distant climes display
A scene more rich than yonder georgian pile?—
Oh! ere you leave her, search your own unrivall'd Isle!

For who, with human heart, could ever roam
Through scenes and hours like these, nor prize them high—
Hail the green land that girds his childhood's home,
And cease for brighter suns and realms to sigh?
"Vain"—very vain!—to search a distant sky
For charms profusely sparkling o'er our own:
For he who seeks, will find beneath his eye
All that can teach what Genius e'er has known,
And bid the heart aspire to Glory's Alpine throne.

Low sinks the sun,—and dim, o'er shore and sea,
Steals a transparent shade, of deepening gloom;
And louder swells the wave's wild melody,
As if its tones might fill the sun-light's room:
Now comes the enchanted hour, when Fancy's loom
Weaves o'er the visible dark her mystic charms—
Calls forms from Heaven, or wakes them from the tomb,—
All that the weak or guilty soul alarms,
And with Elysian dreams the mourner's spirit warms!

List! heard ye not, amid the passing surge,
Some more majestic and unearthly tone;
A strange deep sound—Day's momentary dirge—
At whose lone voice the waters hush'd their own?
It seem'd the sighing and sepulchral moan
Of Syren, wailing in her sparry cell,
O'er powers and charms no longer fear'd or known:
And wild and sad that mermaid-voice did swell,
As, o'er the dusky heath, the distant funeral bell.

* Mount Edgcumbe.

† Goldsmith.

'Tis hush'd: and o'er the darkening waste once more
I hear the waves, and sea-bird's desolate cry:
The nearer waters melt into the shore,
While their far verge is blended with the sky:
The star which lovers worship, gleams on high;
And, traced in glittering fragments on the main,
Binds Heaven and Ocean in a golden tie—
Type of that bright and more than mortal chain,
Which links young hearts, where Love and Love's sweet
witcheries reign:

SONNETS TO MY CHILDREN SLEEPING.

I.

WHAT holy calmness brooded o'er the nest,
Where four—and each a treasure—sleeping lay,
Treasures in caskets of frail human clay,
But fair, though frail, by Beauty's seal impress'd.
The long dark eyelashes on Francis' cheek
Temper'd the damask blush that mantled there,
But sleep could scarce subdue his ardent air,
Where all the day's past feelings clearly speak.
On Richard's saint-like paleness—hazy on Peace
Had left the impression of his latest prayer:
And they who paused to gaze—few could forbear—
Felt holy thoughts and heavenly hopes increase.
Bend o'er the couch of childhood—'t will controul
Passion's wild storm—and purify thy soul.

II.

PHILIP's luxuriant curls, and front of snow,
Where darkly delicate his eyebrows shone,
His loving face, that sculpture well might own,
Where healthful joy diffus'd its purest glow,
By William's softer elegance were laid;
Whose bended neck confiding love portray'd:
So droops the slight laburnum, fond to blend
Where the rich clusters of the lilac tend.
But in the inmost chamber one reclines,
A single bird within her downy nest;
A pearl detach'd—too precious for the rest:
Round no fond neck her polish'd arm entwines,
Lovely and loan, this sweeter blossom lies,
Just lent to earth—but ripening for the skies.

LOVE.

LOVE NOT OF THIS EARTH.

OH Love, no inhabitant of earth thou art!
An unseen seraph, we believe in thee:
A faith, whose martyrs are the broken heart:
But never eye hath seen, or ere shall see,
Thy unimagined form as it should be.
The mind hath made thee, as it peoples heaven,
Ever with its own desiring fantasy;
And to a thought such shape and substance given,
As haunts the unquenched soul, parch'd, wearied, wrung and riven.
—BYRON.

LOVE DWELLS IN FINEST SPIRITS.

As in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells; so eating Love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.—SHAKESPEARE.

LOVE DEALS IN REPETITION.

Love fondly dwells on repetitions:
His songs and praises all alike we find;
Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind;
Still constant in a wondrous excellence:
Therefore Love's verse to constancy confin'd,
One thing expressing, leaves out difference;
Fair, kind, and true, is all his argument;
Kind, fair, and true, varying to other words;
And in this change is Love's invention spent—
Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.—SHAKES.

LOVE IS CONSTANT.

Unchanging Love
Weights not the dust and injuries of age,
Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place:
But make Antiquity for aye his page.—SHAKESPEARE.

ASIATIC DEPARTMENT.

— 41 —

Late Election.

ON THE BALLOT FOR A NEW COLLECTOR OF ASSESSMENT OF TAXES.

STATUS dicitur a stando; quia, quando quis habet UNAM BONAM PREBendam, tum dicimus.—Is bene stat.—E. O. V.

SIR, To the Editor of the Journal.

If this be the case, Mr. Editor, what a "fundamental feature," what a broad basis do many of our contemporaries exhibit,—the coming generation will scarcely be able to "push them from their stools;" but it is not of this I would complain, nor have I any desire or inclination to agitate the subject of pluralities, for all men must be agreed upon the abstract question. Those only, who allow their opinions to be swayed by interested motives, could for a moment wish to inculcate the wisdom or justice of doubling up appointments, and loading one man, and with what? why, with that which is in fact public property, and looked for by the public to be fairly distributed.

Your Editorial Note of this morning is quite clear to the point at issue,—if so it would be called, when not a single voice, since SENEX opened, has yelled a discordant note. The refuge of those whose interest keeps them to opinions they cannot defend, is well described by Butler in two instances, which now occur to me—

"Quoth she, I've heard your cunning stagers
Say—Fools, for argument, lay wagers."

and again,

"— He was of that stubborn crew,
Such as support their faith upon
The holy aid of fist, or gun;
Deciding all controversy by,—
Not argument—but, artillery," &c. &c.

But to proceed,—it is not then to pluralities simply as such, that any man objects, provided the duties be duly performed; but it should not be concealed that those who have that within them, which cries aloud against heaping and accumulating wealth upon men who are already rich, knowing too their own honest claims, are doubly injured. It is not the thirst of wealth which preys upon those men, so much as their services being overlooked—it is the silent stigma, which supercession stamps—and it must not be forgotten, that the public are also injured, inasmuch as it tends to depress the energies of such men; for it is not in human nature to serve with zeal, where our best exertions are not rewarded—but what is worse, are slighted or contemned.

I had hoped, as an individual taking a deep interest in what is passing in this growing metropolis, to have heard the recent losses and public claims of a deserving character brought forward, when a new Collector of Assessments was to be chosen,—a Gentleman so well known and so universally respected as Mr. Laprimaudaye, one who was so early and has so long been employed in laborious and responsible duties in this Department, who has twice been ruined by the loss of all his property by fire, and who was once before superceded, and, I believe, by one who could have done the duties only by the aid of Natives.

A Gentleman with so many claims—claims the more eloquent the less they have been obtruded—would not in that assembly, I had most confidently hoped, have wanted an advocate; and from men whose purses so freely opened to relieve their fellow-creatures from the visitation of flood. I own, I did expect to hear their voices unanimously cry aloud in order to rescue a fellow-citizen by their suffrages from the calamities of fire!

If such had been the result of the ballot, even they who recommended Mr. Money, (whose wants could not have pleaded), must have loudly applauded, rejoiced deeply, and secretly admired the sentiments and feelings which opposed their own request.

Unless public virtue and public spirit be now engrafted in the bosom, the shoots of pure and genuine Liberty will never enter into the heart; and this City of Palaces, instead of becoming the admiration and wonder of the world, will sink into an

abyss of a rotten-borough interest, back-stair intrigue, and infamous corruption.

That free discussion, without personality, is able to effect the former, I believe: and that it may do so I devoutly pray,

Your's, &c.

ONE WHO HAS NO OBJECTION TO MONEY

August 29, 1822.

IN BOTH POCKETS.

School of Medicine.

DEUS creavit—Linnaeus disposuit.

To dispose of that which the Almighty has put individually into the hands of man, was to fulfil his known will, is the duty of us all.

SIR, To the Editor of the Journal.

Your having published the Remarks on Anglo Asiatic Society, has afforded me much pleasure. It is the most interesting topic you can admit into your columns, and you have proved that you THINK so.

In my notice of the new appointment of a Professor to educate Moosulmans and Hindoos, I stated myself to be a sincere advocate for teaching, in preference, the Indo-Briton; and I am proud to find a person of so clear a head, and benevolent a disposition, stepping forward with such forcible arguments in proof of its necessity as the author of that pamphlet, to which I have alluded, has done.

As no notice was taken of my poor letter (a sad mortification to an author), at least I know of none, I will hope, that its contents were unanswerable; Sir, it will serve as a valuable precedent, if of no other use; for it shews that remarks on passing events, though they be the acts of Government itself, may, if treated with proper temper and fair argument, be resorted to. It stands as one proof (transeat in exemplum) of that Liberty of the Press, which you say we possess, and is of more weight in favor of your position, than all the leading arguments of the blundering BULL.

I do most earnestly hope that the Indo-Britons will be eventually the chosen Scholars of this new Medical and Surgical School.

I think Anatomy, as much as can be practically useful in the situations for which these pupils are to be educated, might be taught without difficulty. The bones to be succeeded by the external layer of muscle, and which can be best done by clay figures, comparing these with the same parts in the living bodies of the Students themselves.

The viscera, as they are placed in relation with each other, and their appearance in health and disease, might be pointed out as opportunity offered: but, beyond the anatomy of the eye and ear, with the passages which in common practice it might be necessary for them to be acquainted with, I would not go beyond the outline I have described.

The chief use that will be made of these pupils should be the chief point from which to argue as to what they should be taught.

This Government has had a fine example in its Stud. of what ruinous expences might be incurred in a noble undertaking without a corresponding return, if begun upon without a well digested plan. I hope therefore they have this; and as two heads, however small, are better than one, I should think it might be improved upon, if published and submitted to the strictures of those for whose use these Native Gentleman are to be educated. The Surgeons on this Establishment have for the most part spent 6 or 7 years with an apron before them, and made up medicines behind a counter, and then walked the Hospitals for one, two or three, making in all 8 or 10 years of study and practice, before they were allowed to commence upon the Work of Death.

Is there a shorter road by which the Native gentry of this country can be made eligible to this enviable distinction? "I pause for a reply."

Qui se fera connoître mal à propos?

I am, Sir, with respect, yours,

August 30, 1822.

STILL BLANK.

Court of Requests.

To the Editor of the Journal.

SIR,

Permit me, a stranger, to say a word in behalf of the Court of Requests, respecting the jurisdiction of the Court.

The Gentleman who was Defendant, and lived on the other side of the Mahratta ditch, was some time ago sued for a sum of money by a person who repaired his vessel at the Calcutta river, opposite the Old Fort Ghaut; therefore, the Court was of opinion, that he was liable to be sued for in the Court of Requests. The Medical Gentleman's case was quite different—he worked for his money at the Twenty-four Purgunnahs, and therefore has no right to complain here.—Your obedient Servant,

August 27, 1822.

WILLIAM.

Letter of Loyola.

To the Editor of the Journal.

SIR,

It has often surprised me that you should throw away so much room in the columns of your Paper, in giving circulation to the opinions of JOHN BULL and his Correspondents on political subjects, by way of shewing their absurdity, when the space might be better filled, with almost any matter, more useful and entertaining to your Readers.—What, for instance, do the assertions contained in a foolish letter signed "LOYOLA" signify to any body?—Do you suppose that the abuse the writer heaps on such a man as Sir R. Wilson, and on the Radicals generally, under which head I presume he ranks (for in fact they are all Radicals) the Noblemen and Gentlemen of England who entertain Whig principles, and amongst which class of Politicians are to be found men of high birth, and of the most splendid talents, whose exertions have already done something in checking the current of political profligacy, and whose continued labours, independence, and public spirit, may yet, we hope, save a corrupt and sinking state.—Do you suppose, I say, that because a writer of LOYOLA's stamp, talks of the "absurdity" and "imbecility" of such men, that any one, even amongst the Readers of JOHN BULL, regard him?—It requires too a greater conjurer than Loyola, and a pen of far more magic power than that which he wields, to work such a species of enchantment, even on the silliest mind, as to make it transform the weak, washy, unargumentative harangues of Lord Londonderry, into "calm," "dignified" and "irrefragable Oration."—Nothing is more contemptible than general abuse, without argument to prove that it is justly directed, or wit to make it acceptable; such abuse must recoil on him who uses it, and you may be sure, Sir, that the Reader of such a production as LOYOLA's is not long in transferring the terms "absurdity" and "imbecility" from where he points them, to where they may with more truth be applied.

With regard to Sir R. Wilson's dismissal, I can only say that, as an Englishman, I regret it. It is said to be an exertion of the just prerogative of the Crown, through the advice of the Ministers. Be it so, but it cannot then be denied that any Officer, who pursues an independent political conduct, or opposes the measures, however unjust or unconstitutional, of the Ministers, risks the loss of his Military Rank and the emoluments of his profession, and therefore it must be entirely inconsistent with the principles of the British Constitution that any Officer should hold a seat in the House of Commons.—It is lamentable to think that an Officer of the British Army, and an Officer of the Army of the Grand Turk, should be upon a level in as far as their prosperity, or their ruin, depends alike on the will of Arbitrary Power.

I am, Sir, Your most obedient Servant,

Delhi, August 17, 1822.

A FOXITE.

HIGH WATER AT CALCUTTA THIS-DAY.

	H	M
Morning,	6	0
Evening,	6	25

Quorum.

To the Editor of the Journal.

SIR,

I would beg the favor of you, or some of your Correspondents, to tell me the real meaning of the word Quorum;—from the time that I became able to connect words and their meaning together, I have always considered that word to imply a plurality, but I must have been mistaken, or perhaps it bears some local meaning here, of which I am ignorant.

Happening a few days ago to attend a certain Court, on a subpoena (for being a quiet man, I am subjected to no calls to such places on my own account,) my attention was arrested by the urgency with which one of the parties to the suit then under consideration, was demanding a postponement, which the Court did not appear disposed to grant him. Finding he could obtain no postponement, he demanded, on many grounds, that if the matter must then be decided, such decision should be made by a Quorum of the Officers of that Court; on which he was told, with no small emphasis, by the one to whom he was addressing himself—that *One* was a Quorum—that *He* was a Quorum.

My admiration was greatly excited by his declaration. I fixed my eyes with attention on him who had thus announced his own plurality; but being unable to discover any external appearance of a double, triple or quadruple man, I thought I must all along have mistaken the meaning of the word, and that the distinction from other men thus claimed, must arise from superior mental attainment, or other qualities, which though to me not visible, perhaps might appear in the clearness and justice of the decision about to be made.

How far I was right in this conjecture, I cannot say; for finding I was not wanted that day, the cause I came about being postponed, I hurried to my house in Entally, and as hastily when I got there, appealed to that most general solver of doubts and difficulties—Johnson's Dictionary;—but, alas! my doubts were not removed, Johnson must be wrong, for he defines a Quorum to be "A Bench of Justices," such a number "of any Officers as is sufficient to decide."

My Law Dictionary is equally wrong, in its definition of the word, for it affixes in fact, the same meaning to it as Johnson does.

While ruminating on this matter, a friend happening to call, I communicated to him the cause of the embarrassment and perplexity in which he found me. My friend, who has the character of being what they call an acute man, and something of a Casuist into the bargain, having laughed heartily at my chagrin, proceeded to tell me, that the individual in question was PERHAPS in a state, to have explained what had been above my comprehension, if he had deemed explanation becoming, by saying,—

SIR,

1stly.—I deal in Horses.

2ndly.—I am a Merchant.

3rdly.—I am a Trader, and deal in Sugar, Soap, Coffee, Cotton, Hodgson's and Abbott's Pale Ale, and many other articles, too numerous to mention in this Advertisement.

4thly.—I am an Agent, and perform all the above for those that will employ me.

5thly.—I am a Com—

I stopped my Friend here, quite convinced that any individual possessing the talents requisite for so many avocations, was fully qualified to be, in himself a

QUORUM.

August 28, 1822.

Death.

On the 28th ultimo, Lieutenant JOHN GORDON, of His Majesty's 87th Regiment; a gentleman whose suavity of disposition, urbanity of manners, and unassuming deportment were at all times pre-eminent, even during the debilitating and destructive progress of a life-destroying consumption which finally closed his mortal career. He has left a widow and four children to lament their loss in a country where they are entire strangers.

Zanga in the Revenge.

SIR,

To the Editor of the Journal.

Having seen three distinguished Amateurs perform the celebrated character of *Zanga* at Chowringhee Theatre, and one of them so closely imitate the great Kean's voice, it would be gratifying to the Lovers of the Drama to see the accomplished Amateur who so successfully played *Richard the 3d* in the character of "*Zanga*" which must certainly form a treat. I sincerely hope the Managers will take this hint, and have the *Revenge* got up for the next play. Your giving this a corner in your Paper will much oblige, Sir, your obedient Servant,

A CONSTANT VISITOR.

Marriage.

SIR,

To the Editor of the Journal.

Much has already appeared in your Paper on the subject of Marriage, and other matters connected therewith; some think *too much*, but these are only the married people, and I doubt not that the majority of your intelligent readers are Spinners and Bachelors. I shall therefore trouble you with a thought or two on the subject; and I do so with the less diffidence, from having been three times married in the course of my life; but I never had more than one wife at a time, Mr. Editor!

Those who have written in your JOURNAL on the prudence or imprudence of marrying under certain circumstances, have, I think, neglected to notice one of the most important considerations; viz. the varieties of taste, disposition, &c. which exist in women as well as men. To marry, similarly circumstanced, may be prudent in one couple, and highly imprudent in another, for how expensive are the pleasures of some! how cheap those of others! Some women would be absolutely miserable, did they not possess such clothes, jewels, &c. as might excite the envy of their companions; but others, I doubt not, are differently constituted in the present age, as some have been in former ones. "*These are my jewels*," said the Roman matron, pointing to her two boys, whose names were afterwards consecrated in the annals of their country.

The woman who can be contented with a moderate portion of the comforts and conveniences of life, who is capable of being the friend and companion of a man of knowledge and information, and who looks for happiness in the love of her husband and the enjoyment of his society, will do well to marry the man whom she loves, for it is only the man of worth and sense who is likely to gain the affections of such a woman, in preference to another of higher rank or greater wealth. But there are other women whom I would advise to consider rank and wealth only, in the choice of a husband. I mean those who think the possession of a brilliant equipage, and the display of splendid clothes and rich jewels, in a fashionable assembly, the acme of human felicity. Let such a woman marry a rich fool. She may be pitied or despised by another, who is happy in being beloved and esteemed by her husband, her children, and friends; but that is a happiness which she can neither appreciate nor possess; and she will doubtless find, in a command of riches, all the pleasures that is compatible with her limited powers of enjoyment. She probably has neither sensibility nor delicacy, to enable her to feel the degradation of cohabiting with a man, for whom she has no more affection than for one of the marble statues that adorn her mantle-piece.

Some of your good natured readers may think that I am libelling the Fair Sex, in supposing that there are any such women. None can have a higher opinion of some of them than I have, but I fear that there are a few women, Mr. Editor, as well as men, who value no pleasures but such as wealth can purchase; give them wealth and every wish is gratified. They would be as much puzzled for a *second* wish, as a certain Highlander was for a *third*. His first was, "a loch full of whiskey," his second, "a house full of snuff," but what more could mortal man wish for? He paused and pondered, and pondered and paused; and brought out at last, "a little more whiskey!"

Perhaps there are still greater varieties of taste in man than in woman. OSTROGOTH would rather have half a dozen of brood mares than a wife; and my friend GUSTYGAB would prefer the same number of fat pigs; but the longer I make my letter, Mr. Editor, I shall probably have the fewer readers. I shall say no more at present but that I am

Your's most seriously,

Gravity Hall, August 1822.

DAVID DUMPS.

Catholic Peers.

SIR;

To the Editor of the Journal.

I observe in the Parliamentary Debates, a notice from Mr. Canning, that he would, on the 5th of April, bring in a Bill for relieving Catholic Peers, from their present disability to sit and vote in the House of Lords. How every enlightened mind must rejoice at the probability of his success! How many representatives of the noblest and best families in England, will be restored to the rights of their forefathers, extorted by Catholic Barons from a Catholic King! Our illustrious Monarch himself set the example, in summoning his faithful Catholic Nobles, to the august ceremonial of the Coronation, where Catholic and Protestant sat side by side, vying only with each other in demonstrations of loyalty to the Sovereign.

It has been urged that excessive danger to the country will result from restoring to the Catholic Nobility their seats in the House of Peers; what a weak and unfounded apprehension! as if six or seven votes could alter the Constitution of England. No, the Catholics are too faithful subjects ever to think of attempting to subvert it; but even supposing for the sake of argument that they had the inclination, have they the power to do so? No, they have not! nor ever can have, if much more numerous than at present. The Peerage of England is far too extensive to permit six or seven Catholic Noblemen to have any thing like a sway in the Councils of the House of Lords. They demand nothing more than their individual right of sitting in the House of Peers, possessed by their ancestors for so many ages, in short, a privilege, the dearest aman can enjoy; and although it appeared necessary, two centuries ago, to deprive them of it, yet the change of times is such that the same causes no longer exist, and therefore it follows as a matter of right, that this highly prized privilege should be restored to those who are so evidently worthy of it. Let me ask, what have the Catholics done for many years past, that they should be so rigorously excluded from the rights, the natural rights, of mankind. Do not they support the ecclesiastical establishment with their money? Do they fail to do their duty to the state as gallant soldiers? No one can urge against them the crime of disaffection; on the contrary, they are distinguished by behaviour which might be advantageously imitated by many Protestants. Our gracious King himself is personally favorable to their claims: witness his speech to the Earl of Fingal in Dublin, which plainly shewed that he was not disposed to thwart the anxious hopes of his Catholic subjects.

The Duke of Norfolk, premier Peer and Earl Marshal of England, the Earl of Shrewsbury (lineal descendant of the renowned Lord Talbot, of Henry the Sixth's time), and a number of the most ancient nobility of the land, are excluded from the rights of citizenship. But let us hope that Mr. Canning's Bill has long since passed the Legislature; and in that case Mr. Plunket, who has already distinguished himself so much in the same cause, will bring forward a Bill for the relief of the suffering Catholics in Ireland, who have to pay enormous sums for the support of a Church they are not members of, while hardly possessed of bread to eat. Surely, Mr. Editor, Catholic Emancipation can no longer be delayed—it was last Session recommended to the House of Lords, by the united wisdom of the Commons, but the Bill was unfortunately lost in the Upper House; however, I earnestly hope, that the Bill has this Session triumphantly passed the Legislature, to the relief of so many suffering thousands.

I remain, Mr. Editor, your's very obediently,

Northern Circus, August 1822.

PEREGRINE PUNGENT.

Syces Driving Buggies.*To the Editor of the Journal.*

SIR,

Going up the Chowringhee road this morning, between the hours of 10 and 11, I was met by a Buggy and Horse, without either Driver or Syce, proceeding with great velocity. On enquiry I found that the Syce had been driving his master's buggy, and was thrown out by the restiveness of the animal: the man appeared to be severely bruised in the face, but notwithstanding, kept running after the stray equipage. This is not the first time, Sir, that the passengers in the streets have been exposed to the danger of losing their lives by the imprudence of the Syces, who, from their ignorance of the art of driving, and general timidity on the slightest appearance of mischief in the animal, have more than once caused serious injury. I am well aware that some of those fellows have authority from their masters to drive their buggies, but it is certainly not a commendable indulgence, particularly in this city, where the crowd is very great in the principal roads at almost all hours of the day. The practice should therefore, in my opinion, be speedily abolished, as it endangers the safety of the inhabitants; and a Regulation made, empowering persons in the streets to dismount all these self-elected drivers, whenever and wherever they are seen, and to carry them forthwith to the Police, there to receive such punishment as may be deemed commensurate to their guilt.

Your obedient Servant,

AN INHABITANT.

August 31, 1822.

Colonization.*To the Editor of the Journal.*

SIR,

I agree with you, that Colonization would be of the greatest benefit to India: may more, of the greatest benefit to England. The time was when a vague terror prevailed of the consequences that would result from allowing 3 or 4000 Gentlemen to buy land and settle over the country, and when the presence of four or five peaceful Missionaries was regarded with as much alarm as if they had been "no beef-eaters but" Jacobins or fifth monarchymen in disguise. That period is fast passing away. Most intelligent and well informed persons are now satisfied that a considerable number of European families, scattered over the country and connected with their neighbourhood as Land-owners, Planters and Farmers, would enable the English Government to strike root deeply into the earth, instead of floating as it were, on the surface of the waters. Most reflecting persons will now likewise admit that the spread of Christianity over the land would be our strongest security and safe-guard, instead of furnishing new ground for apprehension.

But there is still a powerful body who adhere to their old *munusculus*, and who would look on the arrival of three hundred Sugar Planters from England with the view of settling in the interior as the very *cockatrice* of Colonization in the egg. On this account I regret that you should have expressed yourself as if the question of the East India Sugar Trade were necessarily or nearly connected with it. One of your Correspondents, who said as much (MONITOR), I apprehend was writing ironically; and in truth, I apprehend that a Free Trade in Sugar would, instead of forwarding Colonization, remove a cause which now tends rapidly to promote it.

If the present unfavourable state of remittance to England continues permanent, those families who are not rich, cannot afford to pay for the education of their children in England, or to quit the Service and return to settle at home. The demand for able School Masters in India will bring them here in sufficient numbers, and parents who see their children grow up under their eyes will endeavour through their friends (who are all here) to settle their sons as Merchants, Agents, Attornies, Indigo-Planters, Apothecaries, and Tradesmen; their daughters will marry

other Gentlemen in or out of the Service, and this process will go on in geometrical progression.

I do not look upon this state of things as injurious to India; but those who do, and those who do not, must equally admit, that any change of Trade which should raise the remittances to the old rate would tend greatly to prevent it from taking place.

I am, Sir, Your's

P, —

Lord Hastings and Free Press.*Προς το αιδιον εβλεπεν.—PLATO.**To the Editor of the Journal.*

SIR,

Your recent disquisitions upon the subject of a Free Press, as the gift of our beloved Ruler, has brought many circumstances to general notice which were only known to the intelligent and thinking part of the community; and has put the possession of power in its true light; for many, like your Opponent, were of opinion that the possession of power gave the right to abuse it. It is to be hoped that those vulgar errors are fast wearing out; but with some people, there are successive fits of ignorance, indolence, and obstinacy, which so beset them, that all the helibore of *Anticira* would not purge them of their blindness. These good folks will tell you the Government can do what they please! so can I; but both are amenable to authorities. And inasmuch as their powers are enlarged, so also is their responsibility: for they can no more break through Rules and Regulations, Laws, and Charters, enacted by higher authorities, and do so with impunity, than we the subjects of this Government can break through theirs, and escape the penalties attaching thereto.

There is nothing like example, in order to put things in a clear light, and therefore we should see what has been the result of those acts which some deemed an abuse, or misuse of power. One, for example, a very worthy Gentleman, had given up the Medical branch of Service, and yet had sufficient interest to get himself restored by this Government when he thought it advantageous to do so.—Result—The Medical Service memorialized the Court of Directors, and this act of the Government was set aside.

Soon after this, Doctor William Hunter, a professor in the College, a very worthy and excellent man, was promoted, and in the course of duty it was his to go as Superintendent Surgeon with an Expedition to the Eastward. Much interest was made to get him off this duty, and his public services in the College being a good plan, it was urged strongly; but to the honor and credit of this Government, his application failed.

Here, then, are two instances, one wherein the result has shewn that this Government cannot, with impunity, do what *they* please, for the rendering an act of a Governor General in Council null and void is silent animadversion: and the other instance is in proof of the wise awe and respect which this Government has for those powers under whose authority it governs. Both instances say, "that the Service shall not be injured to serve ANY ONE MAN." I could quote others, were it necessary, to shew, under how just, free, and open a Government we live; and he who wishes to narrow our bounds—may he be the first victim of his own baseness!

I am no Craniologist or Cranioscopist (for I do not even know which is the word,) but if there be any truth in this science, there must be a mighty difference betwixt the head of the Bull and that of our venerable, high minded Ruler;—of their hearts I say nothing, but for the glorious gift of a Free Press I must say this, that it truly was, "*munus Apolline dignum*."

It is a wise axiom, that individuals must give way for the good of the many; and I remain, Sir, yours with esteem.

"ONE" WHO REPROBATES**THE REVERSE.**

August 31, 1822.

Colair Lake.

OF THE COLAIR-LAKE, SITUATED N. N. E. OF MASU-
LIPATAM AND EAST OF ELORE.

For the Calcutta Journal.

The Colair is a fresh water lake of great magnitude, and of the highest importance to Agriculture. It is situated at the N. E. projecting corner of the *Condapilly Circar*, and is somewhat of the shape of an oval, occupying a natural hollow space of country in the interior, where several streams hasten to discharge themselves into it; these streams would run off into the *Ooput-air*,* if they were not held in on the S. E. by 15 small detached embankments, extending in a line over a space of five miles. The breadth of the lake varies from 7 to 13 miles, while its extreme length may be reckoned at 22, and it measures in circumference no less than 60 miles, covering an area of nearly 200 square miles. Within its bosom are no less than 15 islands of various sizes, with 44 hamlets on them, which were originally inhabited by *Pariahs*, or men of the lowest cast among the Hindus, but at present they are more than half deserted, with the exception of the small elevated spots, where the habitations are fixed. The whole of these islands are immersed, when the lake is full; which happens about a month previous to the breaking up of the rains in a very good season: but as this is of short duration, the more elevated parts soon begin to appear above water, and are immediately and very successfully cultivated with paddy, which in a very little time spreads throughout the whole extent of each of the islands, presenting one great and uninterrupted expanse of verdure. One of the Easternmost of the islands, was anciently a place of strong defence; which remains of a circular fortification called *Colaitty-cotta*, serves to shew. It is the only place of the 44 villages on the lake, that is inhabited by *Bramins* and the higher orders of *Soodras*. On a failure of the annual supplies, owing either to a dry season or to other causes, the lake soon dries throughout; and the greatest scarcity of drinkable water prevails, so much so as not even to serve the inhabitants of the islands who are, upon such occasions, compelled to desert their places of abode, or to supply themselves from the villages situated in the vicinity of the lake. When this happens, and it was the case during the years 1816 and 1817, it is considered as an evil, equivalent to a famine; since it reduces to great straits thousands of the peasantry belonging to the surrounding districts, who are supported in a great measure, by the fruit of their labours in the culture of rice on the islands and banks of the lake. The number of fishermen also, who reside there and find a handsome livelihood by fishing, suffer much upon such failures, and are in consequence constrained to resort to other places, till such time as circumstances favor a return. Not to mention the finny

* The *Ooput-air*, which divides the *Circar* of *Condapilly* from that of *Elore* and *Rajahmundry*, is a salt-water River which contributes very largely to the Revenue of the *Collectorate*. It is visited by the flood tides as far up as the *Colair*; and is navigated by small boats, which carry grain, fuel, &c. This River produces plenty of fish, and furnishes employment for a number of poor indigent families who reside near its banks, and are wholly devoted to fishing, carries away any surplus water from the lake. From *Darmapooram* a hamlet in the neighbourhood of the lake, the *Ooputair* which is deep and muddy and about 50 yards in breadth, flows winding in a Southerly direction, till it arises at a ferry much frequented, lying between *Culdendy* and *Yaloorpaul*, whence it shapes its progress Eastward till it is joined by another little salt water river from the other district, which river is likewise visited by the flood tides. Thence the *Ooputair* goes Southerly with several windings, passing by *Mullagoonta* and *Peddalunka* where it again runs East a small distance before it shapes itself South Easterly. A river from *Pinnador* of the same description unites with it here and widens its channel to 120 yards: which however is rapidly and greatly augmented in its progress to join the sea between *Samuldaug* and *Gollapolam*, after performing many considerable windings and flowings over a flat swampy country, overgrown in its immediate neighbourhood with a species of low wood peculiar to marshy grounds. *Caulypputum*, *Pantipand* and *Lasara* in succession stand contiguous to its North-bank, a few miles before it throws itself into the Sea; which part of its course is elegantly diversified with wood and other objects of interest.

inhabitants of this lake which in a good season, report states it to abound with a great variety of sorts and sizes. It likewise produces a few species of shell-fish, which furnishes the inhabitants with food and lime. The islands and borders of the lake produce two species of grass, one called *Jumboo* and the other *Corak* used for various purposes; and among others for thatching houses. It also produces abundance of certain species of roots, eaten by the lower class of people; and which is sometimes made a substitute for bread by bruising them into powder, and preparing the powder in the same manner as they are accustomed to do meal or flour produced from grain.

Selections.

Bombay, August 7, 1822.—What we predicted in our last number respecting the approach of hostilities between the Empires of Russia and Turkey, appears now to be less a matter of doubt, as will be seen by the following extracts of a communication from Grand Cairo under date the 19th of April, (which extracts have been kindly submitted to our perusal and are given in a subsequent column) stating that a declaration of War between the above formidable powers "was daily expected." There have been no fresh arrivals, nor otherwise communicated intelligence from the parent soil during the last week, so that, with the exception of the above we are, in respect to news still quite at a stand.

The following are the extracts of a letter from Grand Cairo under date the 19th of April, to which we have already adverted.

"General Malcolm has been highly gratified with his reception by the Pasha, who paid him attentions he never had done to any other European.

A declaration of war between Russia and Turkey was daily expected.

At Constantinople and Smyrna Europeans in general were preparing to depart. It is hoped they will be permitted to remain tranquil in Egypt, but if the war should take a religious turn, worse danger is to be apprehended.

Europe in general is tranquil. Trade in the Mediterranean is extremely dull to the ruin of many. The season all over Arabia has been extremely favourable, and the crops promise abundance. At Judda alone, I understand, a want of rain exists, and as little fell last year, the supply of water for the city is very scanty.

We have also been favoured with the perusal of a letter from Teheran dated 12th April, which states, that Mr. Willock was to quit that place for England on the 14th of the same month.

Bombay Theatre.—On Monday evening was performed by Gentlemen Amateurs, that difficult but much admired Comedy—"The Wonder." On this occasion we shall abstain from a detailed criticism on the performance, and content ourselves with observing on report, (for we were not present) that all the leading characters were represented in a way which did great credit to the Gentlemen by whom they were sustained; and the whole went off extremely well. The House was full, and the dress Boxes exhibited a display of beauty and fashion, for which our happy and flourishing Presidency is so deservedly distinguished. —*Bombay Gazette.*

Military Intelligence.—The following is an Extract from a Letter dated Dinapore, 25th August 1822.

"The Left Wing of His Majesty's 87th Regiment, under the Command of Captain C. L. Bell, has just arrived off this station, and the men are to be disembarked in the evening. I have not heard that any accidents have occurred with this division of the Regiment during the latter part of the voyage from Fort William."

Court of Requests.—We a few days ago hinted our suspicion that the Reports published from time to time in this Paper of cases that came before the Court of Requests, would draw down on our heads a certain portion of ill-will; and we consoled ourselves with the reflection that it was our duty to submit to it for

the sake of the advantage that must result to the Public from publicity being given to such transactions. Our prediction has been speedily fulfilled; for, a Writer in the JOURNAL of yesterday under the signature of MODERATOR, without expressly naming us, launches forth into a rhapsody about "attacks of a most gross and virulent description"—"unworthy motives"—"malignant insinuations of a vague and anonymous nature," which "it is impossible to answer;" of "systematic detractors,"—"expressions garbled and distorted by officious reporters, &c." To those "vague and anonymous insinuations" evidently directed against us, we answer, (for it is not at all impossible) that we entertain no hostile feeling towards the Gentlemen composing the Court of Requests, having never had any personal cause of complaint against any of them; and if we thought our approbation would be of any value to them, we should have pleasure in attesting that as far as our experience goes, they are gentlemen of worth and intelligence, every way deserving of the confidence of the Public. We laugh at the charge of the malignity, knowing well that no one will believe it.

We have in the next place to inform MODERATOR, that although the Reporters are like himself anonymous, that is, their names are not given to the Public, (as perfectly unnecessary); yet they are very well known to us; for we have not inserted any Report except on unquestionable authority; and we are perfectly satisfied that our informants if they did fall into any error, at least were not guilty of intentional inaccuracy. It is very easy (as some one lately observed) to say garbled Reports; but if by that it is meant that every sentence is not taken down, nor every idea expressed, exactly as uttered, there is no Court or Public Assembly in the world, where the reporters are known, that might not make the same complaint. And why should this Court be allowed a privilege not enjoyed by any other—that of being allowed to hold "the noiseless tenor of its way" exempted from "the salutary controul of public scrutiny." The Judges of the Supreme Court of Calcutta have claimed no such privilege, altho' they are specially included in the famous Circular issued to the Editors of Newspapers, as equally exempted from Public animadversion with the Governor General himself. Their speeches and other proceedings have been regularly reported, not it is to be feared always with perfect accuracy; yet they have, as far as we know, never made any complaint of a breach of privilege, or denounced the Reporters as "systematic detractors." They no doubt feel that their character stands too high to be affected by such means; since if misrepresentations do occasionally take place, like President Madison speaking of the misconceptions he had often seen in the Newspapers of what had fallen from him, they knew they are not responsible for sentiments they never entertained which are published without their sanction.

As to the pretence that the dignity and independence of the Bench is at an end if such reports are made, we beg to ask if the Supreme Court has lost any part of the respect formerly paid to it, in consequence of the labours of the Reporters, or if the integrity and independence of the Bench be at all diminished? Or was the Court of Requests looked up to with more deference in the days of darkness, before the Press let it in the full blaze of public opinion upon its proceedings? On the contrary we believe, that in proportion as greater publicity is given to the proceedings of these Courts, the more they will deserve and obtain the respect and confidence of the Public; for however difficult it may be to satisfy "disappointed Litigants," the Public, which is of no party, will not fail in general, to form a correct and impartial judgment.

If MODERATOR imagine that the collusive silence of the Press would save any Court from the animadversions of the Public, he is widely mistaken, for when all others abandon the task,—Rumour—the worst of all Reporters takes it up, and when his Reports are once in circulation, they flee from house to house in a thousand intangible shapes, and no standard exists whereby to rectify their continually increasing errors. So it was when lately a high Dignitary of the Church, now no more, suffered severely from the circulation of erroneous verbal rumours, calculated to

hurt his feelings in a very cruel manner; whereas a public contradiction might have nipped the error in the bud had it originated with the Press; one of the merits of which it is that it contains within itself a ready antidote to every mischief it is capable of producing; and we therefore trust it will continue to support, firmly but moderately, the cause of justice and truth, undaunted by the alarmed opposition of conscious delinquency—should such appear.—*Hurkara.*

Extraordinary Occurrence.—A Brahman, an inhabitant of the Upper Provinces of India, having lately come to this city as a pilgrim and in the hope of propitiating Kallee one of the celebrated Hindoo Idols, from the sincerity of his heart he cut off about one fourth of his tongue; and after the operation he was very near falling down in a swoon, but his brother supported him. An immense crowd of people were collected and particularly enquired after his motives. The brother answered that it was owing to his ardent desire of obtaining the favour of Kallee (the Goddess of Destruction), that he committed this act.) Truly (the Editor observes) he who forgets the value of the gift of speech bestowed upon man by the beneficent Creator as the vehicle of communicating our ideas—disregards through prejudice the design of the deity; and in depriving himself of that member—he subjects himself to sufferings and inconvenience. May God deliver all the human race from error and superstition, and render them happy by placing them in the safe dominion of his grace and guidance;—for he is Almighty.—*Murat-ul-Ukhbar*

Suttee in Southern India.

To the Editor of the Madras Gazette.

SIR,

Having witnessed that cruel and superstitious act of self-immolation called a Suttee, which was performed yesterday at Shawpoor, half a mile from this place, I beg leave to send you some account of it, from a belief that the more these inhuman sacrifices are brought to public notice, the more likely is the abomination to cease, and I give it without any exaggeration of what in its naked reality is sufficiently shocking.

The present victim was a Bramin Woman of about 35 years of age, who had a young Son (apparently 13 years old) and seven Daughters all living; but only the Son, and a Daughter about a year younger, were then present.

Whatever may be the motives in general for committing an act so abhorrent to human nature, it is but charity, and I believe indeed, no more than justice, to suppose the poor creature in the present case to have been influenced partly by superstitious ideas as to the sanctity of the act, but chiefly by perverted notions of duty concurring with a real affection and deep sorrow for her departed husband; for the numerous crowd of Town's people unanimously declared, that it was solely her own act, and totally in opposition to the remonstrances and entreaties of her numerous friends, who in vain used every effort and even threw themselves at her feet to turn her from her resolution.

When we repaired to the spot, she had been there about a quarter of an hour, and we saw her sitting at the feet of her husband's remains, which were on a bier, placed on the ground, directly before her; her daughter sat crying behind her among a concourse of above twenty more of her female friends and relations; and at a distance of thirty yards a smaller Pile was set fire to; from which her own funeral one was to be lighted.

The Bramins, on our asking it, told us that we are welcome to approach the devoted victim, of which we availed ourselves accordingly, and Capt. — asked her several questions, and told her that a contribution of a Thousand Rupees would be given her if she would alter her resolution. To all which she answered smiling, and with calmness; and there had been evidently nothing given to excite or intoxicate her. She said it was entirely her own choice, that her children were no longer hers, that her lord and comforter having left this world, she would not remain behind and was determined to follow him. To the offer of a contribution, she said the Amildar had proposed the same to her, but that her purpose was fixed and immovable. It was dreadful to see this poor infatuated creature waiting patiently her fate, and supporting herself with fortitude during the two long hours taken up in preparing the Funeral Pile and arranging the ceremonies.—Surrounded as she was by an immense concourse of strangers, as well as of acquaintance, that flocked from all quarters to the scene, with little other feelings than they would bring along with them to some public show or other pastime. To relieve her no doubt, her nearest female friends generally continued speaking to her, as did also occasionally one or two of the elder Bramins, but their language being Canarese it was unintelligible to us, and we did not like to

ask; but from the people about us we learned that serious or mournful subjects were always avoided. How people could open their mouths to any other, on so serious an occasion, seems quite inconceivable!!! To those women and the Bramins she frequently spoke in return, and frequently too she looked up at us who were on an eminence three or four yards from her. She never indeed hung down her head, but the situation was evidently trying to her feelings, and whatever air of unconcern she put on, it struck me as certainly done with an effort; at least there was none of that appearance of heartless apathy which I expected a Hindoo would have manifested at such a juncture, unless it was in the total unconcern which she evinced for her children; but this no doubt was a part which she brought herself to act, by the same efforts that produced the desperate measure of her voluntary destruction.

The Funeral Pile raised for the occasion was as usual; but at the angles of it were forked posts seven feet high; to these forks pieces of wood as thick as a man's calf were tied, lengthwise on each side, and across them were laid several other pieces, to support the brushwood and about eight coolie loads of other firewood which were heaped upon them, forming a kind of canopy over the Pile about two feet from it. The Pile being finished, the corpse was carried to the opposite end of it, where the feet were to be placed, and the woman accompanied it resting her hand on the Bier, followed by her daughter (who never ceased weeping) and the other female friends. It is of no use to relate their putting the corpse on the Pile and the ceremonies that followed, which were tedious; but there were large bits of oil cake put under the head of the corpse, and the same placed for the woman's head to rest on. These matters finished, she dismissed her daughter and the women as she went once round the Pile, but whether she spoke to them or not I could not observe; and after they were gone she took out the few triding jewels that were on her and distributed them to some Bramins, and then accompanied by one or two of the latter she proceeded again to walk round the Pile. When come to the head of it she gave a cocoanut that was in her hand to a Bramin she met there, with some injunctions which I did not understand. All this apparently with perfect composure; on completing her round she made an obeisance at the foot of the corpse, and a Bramin then read for two or three minutes, some prayer or passage to her, of the Veda, to which she was all attention; and whether it was the dreadful fate at that instant hanging over her, by her own choice that made her an object of deep and intense interest, I cannot say, but she appeared to me at the time as something peculiarly awful and affecting.

Prayers being finished, she crept in by the foot of the Pile, and having adjusted her clothes stretched herself along on the right hand of her husband's corpse, putting her left hand under his neck and the right over it; some brushwood sticks were then placed around both, and so as nearly to conceal them, and a small basket of what we understood to be camphor was put on the woman's throat; four men then, with hatchets in their hands, stood by the corner posts of the Pile, and the Son and another man having lighted some straw with the fire brought from the smaller Pile, carried it to the head of the Funeral Pile and set fire to it: the people with hatchets immediately cut the ropes that held up the large quantity of firewood suspended above, as already mentioned, which fell and completely buried and concealed every thing, and shoutings and tomtoms, &c. struck up to drown the cries that might escape the miserable sufferer. There was no appearance of the fire having reached her before the canopy of firewood fell, so that unless the camphor had the immediate effect of suffocating her she must have been half crushed to death by that alone. We did not however hear the least shriek or groan, though we went that instant close up to the Pile and should have heard it in spite of the tomtoms (which not very near) if there had been any thing loud. But I had a suspicion from certain symptoms, that one of the Bramins heard better than we did. In about three minutes however she must have been dead, but certainly not without three minutes of dreadful suffering, and I could not but feel melancholy at this awful instance, of the triumph of an absurd and horrid superstition over reason and those strong feelings of nature that so forcibly impel us to self-preservation. I must say however that whatever was the guilt of the ministers of these inhuman rites, in the present case, it was the guilt of their religion rather than of the men themselves, whose voluntary endeavours were all on the side of humanity, and not cruelty, further than a false religion makes it so. It is to be lamented that a better faith does not put an end to these sacrifices altogether, but till this happens they are by no means beyond the power of Rulers to prevent. I have known actual compulsion used with most complete effect; and it is natural that a woman in this predicament should yield to force without shame, though it might be a constant reproach to her to listen to persuasion. This effectual preventative was adopted by a distinguished General Officer in the Nizam's Country, and the poor woman was reconciled to life. This was real humanity that deserves honor, and no doubt every Commanding Officer and Magistrate might successfully have recourse to the same means if they did it judiciously, and to our honor the name and wickedness of a Sutte would soon become entirely unknown amongst us.

Belgaum, August 6th, 1822.

A SPECTATOR.

Married Men.

"I thought Knight," says he "thou hadst lived long enough in the world, not to pin thy happiness upon one that is a woman, and a widow."—SPECTATOR, No. 359.

To the Editor of the Bombay Gazette.

MR. EDITOR,

I have frequently read and admired this saying in my youth, but forgot it when I was about to be married, at the time it would have been of most use to me. To be brief, Mr. Editor, I paid my addresses to a widow, a short time after I arrived in this country, and soon got her to consent to a second marriage. The fact was, I could not get an unmarried Eligible that would have me, which was one of my reasons for closing with the widow.

My wife, stated herself to be ten years younger than she really was. To make the match more suitable, I threw ten years of gravity into my countenance, which made the discrepancy of our ages the less apparent. But it is not the age of my wife that I find fault with, so much as her manners; which latter I have hitherto tried, in vain to improve.

When I married her she had just left off mourning for her former husband, for whom she wore sables, five months, before the commencement of our courtship, which lasted eleven days, in all five months and eleven days. For several months after our marriages she seldom mentioned her former husband: of late, however, she talks of him much, and in such a way as always to mortify me; which affords a pretty plain proof, that she has more regard for her former husband, who frequently gave her a sound beating, than she has for me, who have never yet bestowed upon her corporeal correction. It is very natural for her to have a regard, for the man with whom she passed the best part of her life; and I should be the last person to find fault with it, did not the subject interfere with my happiness. In our marriage-settlement, she made provision, for a numerous progeny which I was to beget and settled all her ready-money upon would-be sons and daughters. It is astonishing how judicious the plans of women are after they pass to the west-side of fifty years!—My kind spouse added a Codicil to the settlement, that in the event of her leaving no progeny I was to have all; and that I should have full power of pecuniary affairs, on the expiration of one year from our marriage. This period has sometime ago elapsed, without any appearance of an increase to our family; and the foolish old woman delays giving me the power of her Cash under the plea, that an heir may soon make his appearance! This, added to the mortifying manner she talks of me, has overcome my patience. Some of my friends advise me "to be quiet, and do nothing rashly." I confess I am inclined to follow this advice of the "Town Clerk of Ephesus." But many others advise me to assert my rights, and should she refuse compliance to give her a sound beating. I am averse to harsh measures, as they rather irritate than reclaim the sex. Women are naturally frank and affectionate: I have always had a high opinion of them, generally speaking, and should be sorry to alter it, although experience now convinces me there are exceptions.

A friend called on me yesterday, and described how you, Mr. Editor, had extricated a Gentleman from the cleft of rock some on Malabar-hill, where he had the whole mountain on his back, besides the Moon, Venus, and some of the outlandish Planets, whose names I have forgotten and which cannot be seen by the naked eye. Says my friend, "I know no person so able to extricate you from your perplexity as the GAZETTE Editor," handing me the last number of your paper; after reading it I consulted with him how I was to address you, and shall now append what he proposed, to my already too long letter, and hoping my case, although, rather analogous, will be of service to others; as there are more people who get into the noise of matrimony, unadvisedly, and marry widows, than ever carried the Malabar hill on their shoulders.

Rules to be observed in future by all widows who marry a second, third, fourth, &c. husbands.

First. No widow who has not mourned six full and complete months for her first husband shall be in future allowed to marry, and marry the second, by drawing invidious comparison, in public company, in favor of the former to the disadvantage of the latter.

Secondly. No widow who marries a third husband within three weeks of the death of her second, shall be allowed to talk for more than half an hour at a time of her deceased's good qualities; and never to do so at the expence of her living help-mate.

Lastly. All widows convicted of acting contrary to these regulations shall be refused permission to marry again; and, on the death of their present husbands, due warning will be given them to quit the Island with the least possible delay. By order.

From my Apartments, }
August 1, 1822. }

TIMOTHY HENPECK,
The Married Man

Season in Guzerat.

To the Editor of the Bombay Gazette

SIR, It will no doubt be acceptable to you and to your Southern readers to learn, that the season throughout the whole of Guzerat has hitherto been most promising, the rains have fallen opportunely and in quantities justly adopted to every description of produce.

The Crops have consequently advanced to such a state of vigor as to secure them effectually against a superabundant supply of rain, one of the grand sources of disappointment to the farmer in this Province, and nothing seems now wanting to consummate the fairest prospect of plenty in the ensuing harvest, but a return of the weather usual at this period of the year.

I remain, your's obediently.

31st July.

GUZERATTEE,

Matrimony.

To Editor of the Bombay Gazette.

SIR, Judging from the numerous Marriages which have recently taken place and are at present on the tapis, that your publication of *Cupid's Telegraph* has been attended with many beneficial consequences, I do myself the pleasure to transmit you an Extract which I have made from an English paper; as it may furnish a useful hint to those Bachelor's who may visit the Presidency on so short a leave of absence as to render their forming an acquaintance with the desired object in the usual way, impossible.

Extract from the Courier, dated London 21st February.

"**Matrimony.**—Any young Lady of good family, of accomplished education, and genteel appearance, and above all, whose character will bear the strictest enquiry for morality, sweetness of temper, &c. has now an opportunity of rendering herself truly happy. The object of this address it is impossible to properly explain in an advertisement, but it is most seriously intended, and earnestly hoped, that it may meet the eye of some Lady corresponding with the above description, and she is assured that, how'er independent may be her situation, this appeal may not prove beneath her notice; Letters, post paid, addressed to H. S. C. No. 403, Oxford street, London, signed with real name and address, will be duly answered, if explanatory and found sincere. The most inviolable secrecy will be observed."

(True Extract.)

Sattarah 28th July.

A FRIEND TO THE FAIR.

Shipping Departures.

CALCUTTA.

Date	Names of Vessels	Flags	Commanders	Destination
Aug. 31	John Shore	British	J. Sutherland	Penang

Stations of Vessels in the River.

CALCUTTA, SEPTEMBER 2, 1822.

Kedgerree.—MARY (Ardlie), and CAROLINE (brig), passed down.

New Anchorage.—H. C. Ship ASIA, and ST. THIAGO MAION, (P.)

Saugor.—MARY (Boyd), and JOHN MUNRO, gone to Sea,—H. C. S. DUCHESS OF ATHOLL, and JAMES SCOTT, outward-bound, remain.

Deaths.

On the 2d instant, Mrs. AMELIA COOPER, aged 40 years, 8 months and 7 days; leaving behind a disconsolate Son to bemoan her irreparable loss.

At Dum-Dum, on the 31st ultimo, AMELIA CAMPTON, aged 4 years and 8 months, Daughter of Serjeant WILLIAM CAMPTON, of the Regiment of Artillery.

At Bombay, on the 1st ultimo, WILLIAM MILBURN, Esq. aged 48 years.

At Bombay, on the 31st of July, Mr. T. H. HUNTER, aged 48 years. At Madras, on the 7th ultimo, JOHN JAMES WILTSHIRE, the infant Son of Mr. JOHN WILTSHIRE, aged 1 year, 9 months and 17 days.

On board His Majesty's Ship DAUNTLESS, at Sea, on the 27th of July, after a few days illness, Mr. GRANVILLE SHARP WILLIAMS, Midshipman, Son of Captain EDWARD WILLIAMS, Royal Navy, and Nephew to Admiral Sir THOMAS WILLIAMS, K. C. B. &c.

At Pondicherry, on the 10th ultimo, ALFRED, the Son of F. VALLEY, Esq.

Riddle me this.

Like mortals from the earth I rise,
And flourished once "neath Spanish skies;
But cruel man the steel applied
And tore me from my parent's side;
Then like a pigmy cut me small,
And bound me in a chrystal wall:
Not yet content, the freedom's fled,
He pours hot wax upon my head;
And bids me keep with special care,
An antidote to man's despair.
Thus fix'd in prison dark and strong,
The wish of man would have me long:
But when the cheerful glass goes round,
And wit and merriment abound,—
As if repenting of the deed—
He bids me from my jail be freed.
Yet further sufferings must I feel,
And wounds receive from pointed steel;
And when my liberty I gain,
A crimson flood declares past pain:
Yet man no pitying word will say,
But casts me like a weed away.

Literary Notices.

Chinese Literature continues to be cultivated. Sir George Staunton has published an 8vo. volume of "Miscellaneous Notices regarding China," among which we observe are three papers on the trade between China and Europe, and "notes on the ceremony of the *Ko-ton*." Mr. John Francis Davis, who, like Sir George, belongs to the East India Company's Service, has translated a volume of Chinese Novels; which he has prefaced with some observations on the language and literature of China.

Gifford, the Translator of Juvenal and Editor of the Quarterly Review, has published a translation of the Satires of Persius.

Mr. Matthews's entertaining Diary of an Invalid has reached a third edition.

Mr. Millman is preparing for the Press another Poem on the story of Belshazzar.

The author of the clear and able narrative of Lord Wellington's early Campaigns in Portugal, (Lord Burghersh we believe) is preparing to publish, in the same unpretending form, a memoir of the operations of the allied armies under Schwartzberg and Blucher during the latter end of 1813 and the year 1814.

Mr. Mill, the author of the History of India, is well known to have a high reputation as a political economist. He has just published a small 8vo. volume on the elements of that science: it is very clear and well adapted to teach the first principles of political economy which the author has developed in about 200 pages.

Mr. Ricardo has published an excellent pamphlet "On Protection to Agriculture." It will be curious to see how the new projects of ministers to help the Landlords out of their difficulties will get through Parliament after the exposure Mr. R. has made of their futility or absolutely injurious tendency.

Marriages.

On the 2d instant, at St. John's Cathedral, by the Reverend J. PARSON, JOHN MCKENZIE, Esq. to Miss MARY F. HENDERSON.

At Madras, on the 10th ultimo, by the Reverend W. ROY, Chaplain of the Black Town Chapel, Mr. ANTHONY ENGLIS, to ROZINA LEWIS DE SOUZA.

Births.

At Allipoor, on the 3d instant, the Lady of Lieutenant HICKEY, of a Daughter.

On the 2d instant, the Lady of SAMUEL SWINTON, Esq. of a Son. At Serampore, on the 7th ultimo, Mrs. C. ASHE, of a Son and Heir. At New Town Cuddalore, on the 12th ultimo, Mrs. DE VAS, of a Son.